

MEN
against
HITLER

Fritz Max Cahen

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BY

Fritz Max Cahen

ADAPTED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION
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To My Wife

EUGENIE C. A. A. CAHEN

My Most Courageous Comrade

INTRODUCING FRITZ MAX CAHEN

IN 1919 the world still revolved about conditions established on November 11 of the previous year, in a French railway carriage in the Forest of Compiègne, between Marshal Foch, Generalissimo of the Allied armies, and representatives of what then remained of a German government. With the signing of the Armistice the greatest war in history came to an end, and the peace terms were the next items on the world agenda.

During that period, shortly after the arrival of Woodrow Wilson in France to negotiate for America the Treaty of Versailles, I was commissioned by the late Lord Northcliffe to represent his London *Daily Mail* in Berlin. I was chosen mainly for the reason that in those difficult days, when officially the Allies and Germans were still enemies, an American was better received than a Briton in the German capital. The slogan "*Gott strafe England*" never was extended fully to include the United States.

After considerable difficulty in slipping through the Allied lines—no permits were available for correspondents to enter the enemy country—I found myself installed at

the famous Hotel Adlon, on the Pariserplatz, Berlin. This was the only establishment in which the ramshackle remnants that still stood for German law and order could guarantee safety for the Allied military mission sent by Marshal Foch to see that the Armistice terms were carried out. Machine guns were planted in the entrance hall and lobby, muzzles pointing at the crowds that surged through Unter den Linden and the Pariserplatz and frequently threatened to take the place by storm.

On a beautiful day in early May an envoy from the German delegation at Versailles brought the first draft of the peace treaty to Chancellor Scheidemann for a period of study prior to deciding whether or not the German signature would be affixed.

This created a bizarre international situation. The peace delegates naturally understood the conditions of their own making. But the governments, parliaments and public of the Allied and Associated Powers that had waged a successful war were kept in ignorance, while the terms were being scrutinized by the officials of defeated Germany.

The Allied press at once became vociferous in demanding that the treaty be made public. In London, from the austere House of Commons, came thunders of righteous indignation. In Paris the walls of the Palais Bourbon were shaken by seething wrath from the volatile Chamber

of Deputies. In Washington the dignified senators of the United States fulminated with rage.

On the afternoon of May 10, exactly twenty years ago, I was sitting in my hotel room considering several telegrams from Lord Northcliffe, similar to those received by all foreign correspondents then in Berlin, stressing the utmost importance of securing a copy of the treaty from the Germans. On several occasions I had taken the question up with the Count Bernstorff, former German Ambassador at Washington, with whom I was on friendly terms. He was a cousin of Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, chief of the German delegation at Versailles, and was at that moment high in the government councils. He promised his aid for the stated reason that, first, he believed the Allied public should be at once informed of what he considered the unfavorable and unfair terms of the document, and second, in case a copy was given to but one newspaper, he believed it would be more widely circulated in that controlled by Lord Northcliffe.

My telephone bell rang, and a voice requested that immediately I present myself at a certain room of the Foreign Ministry.

I was received by a tall, slender young man—he was then under thirty—of dark complexion, garbed in the traditional costume of diplomats—black morning coat,

striped trousers, white spats, high stiff collar and dark tie. I noticed that he omitted the monocle then much affected by the attachés stationed in the Wilhelmstrasse.

He stood rigid as a sentry on duty. On his thin, tightly compressed lips was a faintly cynical smile, while his eyes stared.

"Herr Williams!" he said, inquiringly but crisply, at the same time bending slightly and stiffly from the waist. "I shall speak in French instead of German if you prefer," he continued. "I do not understand English."

I indicated my preference. The young man turned to a desk beside him, and picked up three bound volumes.

"Your parliaments cannot get these"—the voice was almost a monotone—"but see, we give them to you—photostatic copies of the original—in both French and English—" A note of irony crept in—"You may do what you please with them—one perhaps the French might like to see—and the others might be welcomed by the British and Americans. They are quite authentic—they bear the stamp of our government printing office—and we do not mind if the world now knows what your peace delegates ask of us."

He placed the volumes in my hand, and I stared in amazement at the initial draft of the Treaty of Versailles.

It was the biggest newspaper scoop in history, but that is not for the present telling—how I managed to get two

of the three copies to England. The third was confiscated by a petty French customs official at the frontier, acting on a personal theory that it was seditious literature.

The donor of the gift, under instructions of his government following the request of the Count Bernstorff, was Fritz Max Cahen, author of the following chapters.

It is not my intention to detail the career of this man during the long and agitated years that have passed since our first meeting. He tells his own story—a story packed with dangerous adventure, in the firm carrying out of his duty—in a manner that is convincing and unique.

When he arrived in America a little over a year ago, his command of our language was not sufficient to write his memoirs for American publication. When his publishers invited me to assume the task of making an English adaptation of this work, I gladly accepted. I knew that whatever Fritz Max Cahen wrote would be worth reading. This brilliant former diplomat, now number one refugee from his fatherland, because of his hard and constant campaign against Nazism, could not help being both revealing and impressive, writing under his striking title, *Men against Hitler*.

In my work, while not attempting a literal translation, I have closely followed Mr. Cahen's text in order that the English version retain as much as possible the atmosphere of the scenes portrayed, and also the lofty spirit of the

man, that reveals him as one of those real German patriots, anxious to co-operate loyally for the welfare of mankind.

May the destinies of Germany soon again be in their hands!

WYTHE WILIAMS.

Greenwich, Connecticut

May, 1939

FOREWORD

It is not my intention to write a memoir or autobiography in the ordinary sense. I do not consider that during my life I have accomplished, in addition to my everyday duty, anything that merits the many thousands of words that constitute a book. What I propose is merely to present and describe a series of incidents in my career that brought me in contact with many stirring and important events of these times.

This generation of which I am member is one that is out for great adventures, but at the same time one that must take decisions of the greatest importance, historically and philosophically, for the future of humanity. I have been drawn into the history of this generation at decisive points and at moments of great crisis. For that reason I consider the events of my life as of possible interest and perhaps instruction to those who in this continued topsy-turvy world may sometimes find themselves in similar situations.

I was in the thick of fast moving events at the close of the World War, when the German revolution followed the collapse of the monarchy. Again I was present when the Hitlerian system began preparations for the second World

War—and when the German opposition, the Men against Hitler, began secretly to prepare for the second revolution.

I participated also in the liquidation of the first World War, and in the formation of laws that should have safeguarded the young republic—the democracy of a new Germany that arose from the ashes of defeat. Therefore I have vigorously opposed the plans for a new Armageddon, and have schemed for the new and real German revolution that may come at any moment, if the new masters of the Fatherland do not precipitate a conflict that will establish an empire of barbarism on the ruins of world civilization.

In writing this book, I have therefore undertaken a many-faceted task. On the one hand I must give the confessions of a revolutionist in spite of himself—a revolutionist against the savagery of Europe, caused largely through the apathy and decline of old-world democracies. I am a revolutionist against the malevolence today exemplified by those who preach the “right of might,” as it ruled in the forests of the paleolithic age—a revolutionist against this return to the Neanderthal reasoning which is today the guiding philosophy of the totalitarian states.

But, I repeat, these are the confessions of a revolutionist in spite of himself. I am, at the same time, an absolute conservative in all that concerns the great traditions of western culture as it was formed by religion and philosophy in the classic period of Mediterranean civilization,

and true to the political theses established by the Declaration of the Rights of Man during the French Revolution and the Declaration of Independence in the United States.

I shall attempt to portray a Europe that is trembling, fearful of conflagrations, a Europe that very probably is in the twilight, but which may yet arouse itself to destroy false gods and miracle doctors who would heal its ailing body with lethal poison and magic abracadabras taken from a pagan age.

Fritz Max Cahen.

MEN AGAINST HITLER

CHAPTER I

"NEVER sign this, never!" The words were hurled through clenched teeth.

The usually pale face reddened, mottled with indignation. The tall form shook, then became rigid. Veins knotted across the patrician hands. Sparks flamed from the steely eyes. "Tell that to Scheidemann," the voice continued. "Never sign this, never!" A sheaf of papers was thrust toward me.

The scene was in a small *salon* of the Hotel des Reservoirs at Versailles on the night of May 7, 1919. The speaker was Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, Foreign Minister of Germany and chief of the delegation sent by the government at Berlin to receive peace terms as formulated by emissaries of the Allied Powers.

I was the Count's closest aide. For long hours, in that same room, with armed guards pacing outside the windows, we had toiled over the detailed and verbose document that had been submitted for our consideration—the initial draft of the Treaty of Versailles. My mission was to deliver it in person to our Chancellor.

"Rather than sign this," Brockdorff-Rantzau concluded, "I would accept a scrap of paper upon which is inscribed,

'Germany renounces her existence.' To sign this would mean the same thing—the speedy death of our new-born democracy."

"*Qui vive!*" That staccato challenge of French sentries greeted me as I hurried through the gloomy hotel courtyard to the gray military car. I thought of the literal translation, "Who lives?" and speculated on its grim irony in that welter of peace, still panoplied with the symbols of war.

Two French officers, armed with revolvers, sat in front. Silently we passed through the dark forest surrounding the Palace of Versailles, the wide beams of our headlights picking out dancing Brocken specters along white highways and from gloomy depths of the Bois de Boulogne. Ahead was the night glow of Paris leaping to the heavens. From both sides of the avenue leading to the Arc de Triomphe suddenly emerged long lines of grim gray shadows. One of the officers pointed at them.

"Those are cannon that we have taken from your armies," he said, a bit roughly, I thought.

"We have French cannon at Berlin," I retorted.

Again silence. Streets, lights and men. Frenchmen, British and Americans—all in uniform. Can this be peace? I wondered. At the Gare du Nord, we marched between a double line of soldiery, youthful faces of the new classes,

peering between fixed bayonets. My special train, ordered by the French government, was in readiness. It consisted of a locomotive, tender and three coaches. My companions were one representative of the Foreign Office, one journalist, one courier and a detachment of French infantry.

All night the train sped on, over devastated regions, across battlefields, through tombstones—thousands of them without epitaph. In the morning, we still were rushing among tombstones. Several times we were halted, once at a station where a long file of war prisoners marched wearily along the platform, and stared at us with complete disinterest in their dull eyes. War, armistice or peace apparently did not register. The roar and rattle of cars on the rails repeated in increasing cadence those last words of my chief, Brockdorff-Rantzau, at Versailles, "Never sign this, never!" The next day at the Wilhelmstrasse, in Berlin, I delivered the initial draft of the Treaty of Versailles and repeated to Chancellor Scheidemann the message from his envoy: "Never sign this, never!"

The Chancellor gazed at me somberly from large, gray eyes. His figure drooped. Depression showed in his voice as he asked in low tones, "In what epoch of European history are we living?"

I was still thinking of the tombstones on the battlefields.

"In an epoch," I replied, "that may be marked by a tombstone without an epitaph."

I had come to my role in the drama of Versailles by a roundabout route. After serving on the German front as volunteer, I went in 1915 to Copenhagen as correspondent for several newspapers. There I made the acquaintance of Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, then Minister of Germany to Denmark. I soon gained his confidence, and he nominated me for a position on the Legation staff as director of a secret propaganda bureau. He sent me on important missions to Berlin, to Oslo, to Stockholm, where I negotiated with the German government, with the Bolsheviks prior to the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, with German secret agents, with neutral states. All delicate and confidential tasks were turned over to me.

In November, 1918, following the revolution in Germany, the new government offered Brockdorff-Rantzau the position of Foreign Minister. He charged me to carry on negotiations concerning certain details with Friedrich Ebert and with Philipp Scheidemann, later the first President and the Chancellor of the German Republic.

After accepting the nomination and on arriving at Berlin, the Count appointed me his personal aide at the Wilhelmstrasse. It became my duty to prepare all interviews that he gave to the press, and to prepare—he was not a first-class orator—all his public addresses. Also I was his liaison officer with the secret service. According to one French newspaper report on my activities, by the time we

were ready to depart for Versailles, I was the all-around "handy man" of the Minister, then charged to negotiate the treaty of peace.

I accompanied Brockdorff-Rantzau to Weimar, where I was member of the government delegation to the National Assembly that wrote the constitution of the German Republic. At Versailles, as member of the peace delegation, I found that I had been given the title of "Commissar of the Reich."

If one wishes to comprehend fully the bitter fight in Germany over the question of signature or non-signature of the peace treaty, it is necessary first to understand the true situation.

Two reasons against the signature were paramount. One was the extreme severity of the conditions proposed by the Allies. The other was the perspective of the future—the possibility of propaganda and a sinister campaign by reactionaries against the political parties that, in the National Assembly, would be forced to assume responsibility for the signature.

The conditions of the treaty became the subject of many discussions following the publication of the "fourteen points" of President Wilson. The idea of a "peace without victory and without vanquished" obsessed many minds. No matter what one may say of the fourteen points, they had an extraordinary effect both on intelligent thinkers and

the pacifist masses of the German population. The message of the American President, announcing that the Allies were not enemies of the German people, but merely adversaries of Prussian militarism, or Pan-Germanism and its representatives, exercised an enormous influence on the forces anxious to terminate hostilities and rehabilitate Germany. In many quarters, confidence in the President of the United States was absolute.

In January, 1919, months before the German delegation was summoned to Versailles, I received through the secret information bureau of the Foreign Office, news from infallible sources, predicting that Wilson was no longer sure that he could make his fourteen points hold. All our strategy at that time tended to reinforce personal and official contacts with everything American.

To illustrate to what degree we desired the good will of America, I have only to mention one incident. When it became a question of naming the chief of the German peace delegation, two names were suggested—Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, my chief, and his cousin Count Bernstorff, who was German Ambassador in Washington before the entry of the United States into the war. Count Brockdorff-Rantzau did not wish to go to Versailles. He foresaw a long stay and with reason feared that his absence from the German capital would facilitate intrigues against his policy of non-signature. He was therefore inclined to

the nomination of Bernstorff, whom he considered one of the most expert diplomats in Germany. But in view of reports indicating that public opinion in America would be unfavorable to Bernstorff's heading the delegation, because of the unfortunate incidents preceding his departure from Washington, I was asked to make an investigation.

My information was that although Colonel House would not be unfavorable to Bernstorff as chief of the delegation, Woodrow Wilson had other ideas. Furthermore, British propaganda would not fail to evoke all the incidents of sabotage, espionage and so on, connected with Bernstorff's entourage at Washington. Much against his wishes, Brockdorff-Rantzau assumed the task that was to have such a fatal outcome, both for himself and Germany.

Information from England and France presaged no good for the high intentions of the author of the fourteen points. A few days before our departure for Versailles, a secret conference of government officials was held in the Foreign Office, at which I participated.

I gave my information and expressed my conviction that the peace conditions would be based on the contention that Germany alone was responsible for the war. I was asked to write a note expressing my ideas and the necessary tactics to follow. This memorandum still must be in the secret archives of the Foreign Office. It concerned the difficulties created by internal politics in Great Britain, the

attitude of France and the personal position of President Wilson. I was asked to draft the reply that the Count was to make before the Allied delegations at Versailles. I wrote this before we left Berlin. I was then absolutely convinced that Wilson would be defeated and Germany saddled with sole guilt for the war.

When the head of the German delegation entered the Palace of Versailles to receive the first copy of the peace treaty, he carried in his pocket two documents—mine, rejecting the theses of war guilt, and a text elaborated by another branch of the Foreign Office, based on the assumption that Wilson's ideas would be victorious. It was my text that Brockdorff-Rantzau read, monocle in eye, facing the Allies, immediately following Clemenceau's speech showing that Wilson and his fourteen points had lost.

Toward the end of that speech, Brockdorff-Rantzau made this fateful prophecy:

"A peace that cannot be defended in the name of justice before the eyes of the world will certainly resuscitate an uninterrupted resistance to it. No one can sign it in good faith because it would not be realizable. No one can guarantee its execution as symbolized by the signature."

It was then that the debate over signature or non-signature began to mount to the boiling point in Germany. At the time of my trip to Berlin from Versailles, carrying the treaty to our Chancellor, I carried also a letter from Max

Warburg, the well-known banker of Hamburg and member of the peace delegation. His brilliant mind thoroughly grasped the situation. The severity of the treaty conditions terrified him as he had a clear vision of the economic and financial difficulties that the reparations problem was to create later on. He was the only member of the German delegation who, during the first phase of the negotiations, was invited to leave our beautiful prison at Versailles and go to Paris for discussion with bankers and American financiers. It was also he who later inspired the financial and economic counterproposals of Germany.

The letter he had given me was addressed to Herr von Schwabach, head of the Bleichroeder banking house, asking him to put at my disposition five million marks to carry on propaganda against signing. Weeks earlier I had started a special bureau in the press department of the Foreign Office, known as the "Service for Preparation of Propaganda for the Peace Negotiations."

It was this bureau that issued the first information concerning the government's intention of refusing to sign an instrument of peace that was considered insupportable. It had prepared, among other things, a large portion of the material serving as a base for the famous "Mantelnote"—the general observations accompanying the German counterproposals to the Allied governments and their associates.

I had an excellent staff and the promised aid of the big bankers, but I never received the five million marks. Most of the bankers thought that propaganda of this kind was unnecessary, for they were convinced that our National Assembly would reject the signature.

In vain I warned them. The Independent Socialists, under the influence of the deputy, Breitscheid, demanded signature at any price. Before the door of my hotel I had a bitter argument with this intelligent labor leader.

"You," he shouted, "you have time to wait for peace. You have enough to eat. But the masses are hungry."

"If the Socialists sign this treaty," I answered, "sooner or later it will mean the end of socialism and of the German Republic. You must choose. Sign and be popular for the moment—refuse to sign and save the future of both."

It was vain to argue with bankers against the activities of the Catholic deputy and the Minister of Finance, Erzberger, who was campaigning for the signature. I requisitioned an automobile from the War Ministry and sped to Hamburg to talk with Fritz Warburg, brother of Max and an acquaintance of mine. I received a paltry sum, later insufficiently augmented by a quarter of a million marks, placed at my disposal from the secret funds of the Wilhelmstrasse.

At this moment, still in May, 1919, the French press published information concerning my activities and the

Neue Zuercher Zeitung told its readers that I was on my way to Switzerland. The paper added that the aim of my trip was an interview with Ramsay MacDonald and his French Socialist associates, to influence them against the treaty. In this statement was truth and falsehood. I was on my way to Switzerland, it is true. I was even instructed to approach certain French, English and Italian personalities. But never was an interview with Ramsay MacDonald even planned nor were the men I met the heads of the French Socialist party.

This trip was filled with incidents. To hasten the voyage (the German railroads were not yet functioning properly) I was forced to requisition a locomotive and tender. My passport, signed by the peace delegation, made an enormous impression on the worthy stationmaster. But that hardly could be compared with the impression made on him by the present of a morsel of butter—not quite a pound—that I had received the day before leaving Berlin from a friend traveling as a diplomatic messenger between Copenhagen and the German capital. The stationmaster had not seen so much butter in months. I am sure, at that moment, he was the only man in Germany who blessed the peace delegation.

At the Swiss frontier, the regular train had lost its baggage car, in which I had a sack of diplomatic mail destined for the German Legation at Berne. Hours afterward,

after riding back along the tracks in a peasant's cart, I found the unfortunate car in a little station near Loerrach.

Among my bags was a small valise, sealed at the Foreign Office in Berlin, containing several hundred thousand marks in specie and destined for the expenses of propaganda against the treaty. By chance, the Swiss customs man opened it. I shall never forget his expression.

"I am going to buy Swiss milk chocolate," I told him calmly. "I am a philanthropist."

At Berne, after visiting the Legation, I encountered by chance, in a small restaurant under the arcades, Professor Hesnard, who was the first French official I had met in Berlin after the revolution. He later played an extraordinary role as the only official interpreter of the famous conferences between Briand and Stresemann. In January, 1919, he had arrived in the German capital accompanying Professor Haguenin, civilian member of the Nollet Commission. During the war, Haguenin directed the department of information of the French Legation at Berne.

Hesnard had visited me at Berlin in my office at the Foreign Office to tell me that Professor Haguenin wished to meet my chief. That was the first diplomatic contact between France and Germany following the war. Brockdorff-Rantzau asked me to feel out the ground concerning Haguenin. The latter lived at the Hotel Adlon and I found him in one of the large rooms overlooking the Pariserplatz.

My interview was long and difficult. I stressed my opinion (and it is the same I hold today) that only a Franco-German reconciliation could serve as a foundation for consolidation and as a platform for a new orientation of Europe. Haguenin sketched the possibility of an industrial collaboration between the two countries. Finally, we found common ground for his conference with Brockdorff-Rantzau.

Their talk was of an extremely dramatic character. At the start, the atmosphere was calm but completely frigid. But as time went on, arguments and counter-arguments filled the room, and the tone changed. Haguenin developed the idea of reparations for the ravages of war. Rantzau—scion of an old aristocracy but also a sort of feudal Bohemian—answered Haguenin vehemently as on the later day at Versailles when he declared: "Never will I sign this, never!"

Haguenin, Frenchman of the *Midi*, temperamental and choleric, shouted: "You will be forced to sign no matter what happens." His "you" meant Germany, but Rantzau, haughty and proud, felt personally offended. Coldly he rose to his feet, his lips tightly compressed.

"I shall sign only what I wish to sign," he declared. "Good day, Professor." From that moment until Versailles, he never received another French diplomat.

It was of this unfortunate episode that Hesnard spoke,

in the little Swiss restaurant where our casual meeting took place. He also talked of many other things. I should have listened carefully to his words, but I could not. I was in an uncomfortable position and understandably over-excited as I waited at any moment for a secret agent who was to give me the details of the meetings arranged for me with persons due to arrive from the enemy countries—persons opposed to the political ideas represented by Hesnard. All passed off smoothly, however. The agent appeared in the doorway, made a sign to me and I left.

The object of these conversations was, on the one hand, to get an exact report of the atmosphere in the Allied countries and, on the other hand, to have the groups opposed to a forced peace not conforming to President Wilson's fourteen points aware of the German government's intentions.

The details brought to my knowledge could but strengthen our attitude, that is to say they could but reinforce our decision not to sign. My interlocutors spoke of an increasing war weariness in France and particularly in Italy. On the previous first of May, street demonstrations against the prolongation of peace negotiations had taken place in Paris and the government had been forced to bring troops to the capital to preserve order. In some districts, minor outbreaks had taken place. Conditions were worse in Italy,

where food shortage was disturbing and where people realized from press reports that in spite of all the lives sacrificed, little chance existed for the country to obtain benefits promised when Rome decided to join the Allied and Associated Powers.

Therefore, if Germany did not sign, if the war conditions were prolonged, if the Allied armies entered German territory and lived for an indeterminate period upon the famished population of the occupied territory, the uneasiness inside the Allied states would increase. My visitors, in that case, even foresaw possibilities of revolution, and anxiously asked me, if such should be the case, whether Germany's active help in arming the masses could be expected. I told my interlocutors that the official circles I represented had instructed me to say, if such a question were raised, that this possibility was envisaged, and I informed them of our firm intention not to sign the treaty.

I added several remarks on the probable fate of the socialist, democratic and republican movements in Germany in the event of the signature, and underlined the necessity of solidarity between the progressive forces of Europe.

A depressing atmosphere surrounded these discussions. One of our meetings was held in a big hotel at Buergenstock, on the Lake of Four Cantons. Feeling myself

followed, coming from Lucerne, I crossed the lake by a motorboat, rented at the Quai. I then ordered a special car on the funicular and in this way was certain that during the half-hour following I was unobserved.

I returned to Versailles, where the drama of "peace" continued to unfold itself.

CHAPTER II

ON November 9, 1918, when Germany asked for the Armistice, Marshal Foch immediately moved to halt all action of the Allied armies. From the moment that peace was in sight, the commander-in-chief desired not one shot too many, not one human life sacrificed. Marshal Foch was a great general and a magnanimous human being, but he was a poor psychologist. A victory is only perfect when the beaten army knows that it is beaten. His program should have been the march of the Allied armies across Germany and their entrance into Berlin, the Peace of Potsdam instead of the Treaty of Versailles. That was the only possible way to show to all the German people that the war was lost.

Most of the tragic events of the following years that have threatened to engulf Europe, arose from this mistake. It was the army of Imperial Germany, the Kaiser and his generals, the powerful and arrogant Great General Staff, that lost the war. But it was the civilians, the worthy bourgeoisie—democrats, socialists and republicans—who signed the Armistice and the peace. Upon them fell the responsibility of making terms with the victors. The mili-

tarists, the forces ruling Germany before and during the war, succeeded in sneaking out on the results of their actions. Never has the mass of German people understood that the war actually was lost on the battlefields.

The new Germany, republican and democratic, that was to rise from the World War, had, from a moral point of view, an unfortunate start. The legend of the dagger thrust in the back of the retiring victorious army, wielded by democrats and pacifists, envenomed the atmosphere from the very first days of the young republic.

The word "patriotism" has a special meaning in Germany. The adoration of the state and its grandeur, the sense of sacrifice in the interests of the Fatherland, the close liaison between national devotion and the morality of the people, instilled by hundreds of years under the régime of absolute monarchy, make of German patriotism a cult, a mystic force of the highest degree. One could not more deeply harm the new republic in the eyes of the masses than by denouncing its leaders as void of this proud and sincere sentiment, however superficial it may appear.

Moreover, the average man was convinced that Germany was not the aggressor in the conflict. I remember an interview with an old friend, Dr. Ludwig Franck of Mannheim, in the lobby of the Reichstag, during the last days of July, 1914. He was the finest leader of the Social Democratic party. A few months before, on the occasion of the grave

incidents at Saverne, in Alsace-Lorraine, he had raised his voice in a plenary session of parliament against the abuses of Prussian militarism.

On this particular day, he rushed toward me excitedly crying, "Fritz, what does this mean? The whole world is attacking us and you have not already enlisted?"

A courageous man, he was the only Reichstag deputy who fell at the front as a volunteer. He was killed by a French bullet during the first days of August, 1914. He was a Social Democrat and a Jew, and the monument erected to his memory at Mannheim was destroyed in the early part of the Hitler régime.

I mention this episode merely to prove in what state of complete belief in their government were the masses of Germany when the tragic events of 1914 engulfed them. Voices raised during the war against prolongation of hostilities were not directed against Germany entering the war. The belief never changed that Germany had been attacked. The idea spread that it was impossible to win the war and that its further continuance would prove disastrous for Germany, but the feeling of innocence was never smothered. Enemy propaganda concerning German culpability only strengthened it.

The Treaty of Versailles, based on the presumption of German guilt, brought nationalistic feelings to the boiling point. No one in the entire country believed the accusa-

tion; to make it was the surest way to touch the heart of a people pushed to the height of susceptibility by the sufferings of the past years.

These sufferings produced another effect. The most crushing arguments against war and its continuance had been pronounced mostly by the leaders of the Social Democratic party. Many people, who before the war had considered all socialists as a band of international criminals, had in the meantime changed their ideas. Even the Kaiser, who one day at the Krupp works in a famous speech had declaimed against these "beggars" and "conspirators," declared at the outset of the war: "I no longer know any party. I know only Germans." It was he who named Scheidemann, chief of the Social Democratic party, Under-Secretary of State in the cabinet of Prince Max von Baden, the last ministry of the Empire. The bad odor of the internationalists and anti-patriots, who during long years had discredited the Social Democratic party, became almost sweet. Many people who formerly had refused all contact with the party were now ready to give it their support.

These two factions, the national and the socialist, dominated the German citizen toward the end of the war and at the time of the Armistice and the Treaty of Versailles.

It should have been the duty of the new heads of the German Republic to understand their importance. It is

certain that Ebert, Scheidemann and other leading members of the Social Democratic party did realize it. It is certain also that lesser chiefs of the party did not realize it or, if they did, that they were tied to the international program, vehemently practiced at that time by the new Russia and the Independent Socialist party, whose members were in intimate relations with the Bolsheviks.

Other groups in Germany had better understanding. As early as January, 1919, one of my best friends telephoned that two men, closely allied with big industry, wished to see me. I asked upon what subject. He told me they wanted to discuss important national questions. Shortly before this, two Communist leaders, Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, had been assassinated by troops stationed at the Hotel Eden in Berlin. All the world knew the troops had been financed by big industry, and as I had publicly denounced the affair, I thought that the interview must have something to do with it. The two men wanted to meet me privately, so I did not receive them in the Foreign Office, but invited them to my apartment at the Hotel Esplanade.

One, a thin, tall chap with features a little effeminate and with long sensitive hands, was Herr von Gleichen-Russwurm, the great-great-grandson of Friedrich von Schiller. The other, broad shouldered, hard faced and brusque, was Dr. Stadtler, then chief of the Anti-Bolshevist League, an

organization created after the revolution and supported by big industrialists of whom the most important were Stinnes and Thyssen. They made me a proposition which today seems bizarre, but at that time coincided with widespread public sentiment. They asked me to interest my chief, Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, in the formation of a national socialist labor party, and suggested that together with them I take over the direction.

Later these same circles were among the first to subsidize the new "National Party of German Workmen"—the National Socialist party of Hitler. It is interesting to recall this episode for it proves that the national socialist expression in Germany at that time was not anti-Semitic.

The interview was most interesting. I asked Herr von Gleichen, who seemed the better informed on national questions, what he meant by a "national formula," a phrase he had employed. He answered without hesitating.

"We know what your chief and you represent *vis-à-vis* the German people. We are convinced that you are good patriots. Germany has lost the war but our industry has absolute need of the French mines of Briey and Longwy."

I do not remember actually joking at the time but I am sure that I was very near to it. I turned to Dr. Stadtler and asked him what were his friends' intentions toward the so-called socialism.

Herr von Gleichen made the gesture of a man of the

world in proposing to me the occupation of Briey and Longwy. It was tantamount to speaking of preparing for a new world war at a moment when the great war was scarcely ended.

Dr. Stadtler was more eloquent but not so cultured and careful in his choice of words. He began his little speech by asking, "We believe, do we not, Doctor, that for political work one needs money?" And he went on to edify me on the richness of big industry, which was ready to finance a party of this kind with fairly large funds. "The same as they financed my Anti-Bolshevist League," he added. "You ask me what are my socialistic intentions. We realize that the desire for socialism has grown among the masses. One cannot eat soup at the boiling point but I am sure the socialist tendencies of the big producers will find the proper way to satisfy desires. Naturally, the propaganda of the party should be as radical as possible."

This was my only talk with these men. I mentioned it only briefly to Brockdorff-Rantzau. He smiled cynically when he heard their proposals. He never imagined what an important role my two visitors were one day to play in the development of the National Socialist movement and that they were to be numbered among those who guillotined the German Republic.

Nevertheless, as I remembered this conversation and was informed concerning the activities of these two gentlemen,

I suggested to Count Brockdorff-Rantzau that the following phrases be included in an interview to be given by him at Versailles on May 29, 1919, to the correspondent of the Europa press bureau. These phrases today seem a singularly sinister prophecy. "Doubtless a danger to world peace could arise should a nationalistic capitalism be replaced by a nationalistic socialism, and if nationalism created a weapon—an army in an economic body organized to the smallest detail. Then, of course, the new development of economic structure, the beginning of which can now be noticed in Germany, would not take place in a peaceful evolution, but would, doubtless, bring forth a revolution of world-wide scope, politically and economically—exactly what the capitalists of England and America would like to avoid."

One might even have been more prophetic. The kernel of the new National Socialist party had already been formed at Munich. The central figure of the moment was the writer-journalist, Dietrich Eckhart, later one of the best friends of Hitler. He then published brochures entitled *Our New Masters*, containing caricatures of men playing important roles in the new republic, and mocking them in little verses which the author considered satiric. My portrait was on the same page with those of Rathenau and Hugo Haase. Most of the men pictured on those pages are no longer living. Almost all have been assassinated. It is interesting to note that the caricatures from

this brochure were displayed on one large placard which the National People's party, the party of big industry, pasted on all the walls of Germany at the time of the elections for the National Assembly in February, 1919.

As a matter of fact, it was within the National People's party that both Herr von Gleichen and Dr. Stadtler later carried on their careers, as untiring missionaries for the co-operation of that party with the Nazi party. Herr von Gleichen played a preponderant role in the Herren Club, the headquarters of which was near the Reichstag and whose two most influential members were General von Schleicher and Herr von Papen. Both, as everyone knows, took leading parts in Hitler's ascension to power. One, von Papen, did it willfully; the other, von Schleicher, more or less against his own desire. Von Gleichen was editor of the magazine *Der Ring*, which was the group organ. He was reported assassinated at the time of the mass murders of June 30, 1934, but I have never had confirmation of this news. Nevertheless he has entirely disappeared from the political scene in Germany.

Dr. Stadtler was elected member of the Reichstag representing the National People's party, and was one of the first to make public speeches for the collaboration with Hitler. Credit also is given him for the formal alliance between Hitler and Hugenberg, president of that party, ex-director of the Krupp factories, owner of an important pub-

lishing concern and of the largest motion picture combine in Germany, an alliance called *die Harzburger Front*. After Hitler's accession to power, Dr. Stadtler was made general director of the former publishing concern of Ulstein, after its "aryanization."

Equally important for the development of the National Socialist party and for the future of Germany was the activity of the *Freikorps*—the German troops sent to the Baltic countries to aid them in their fight against the Bolshevik factions. They were not regular formations, but small armies composed of volunteers. Many who enlisted in these groups were adolescents animated by mercenary instincts. Many of their names have since become famous, in an unfortunate sense, in the history of post-war Germany. Most of them were convinced socialists. The republican and socialist government of Germany of that epoch had promised to divide among them the conquered territories. These young people, former combatants on the many fronts of the World War, dreamed about small farms in conquered regions, and each had the idea that he was accomplishing a national duty in fighting Bolshevism, which apparently was on its way to conquer the Baltic. It was one of these groups that first adopted the swastika as its emblem. The swastika then had a characteristic definitely anti-Semitic. One must not forget that these groups operated with the White Russian groups led by former

Tzarist officers, instilled with the ancient anti-Semitism of old Russia.

All these young people who fought in the Baltic countries and who were obsessed by a national and socialist idea, became disillusioned in their hopes. The Baltic countries did not become German. The promises of land were not kept. They returned hating the new régime in Germany; they later formed shock troops in the National Socialist party of Hitler. Not a few of them are now in important posts of the Third Reich. Today many of them know that the Third Reich is not going to accept their demands, even as the republic did not. They await the Fourth Reich.

All these trends of thought were well known to the German delegation at Versailles. We had an important talk on this subject in Versailles soon after my return from Switzerland. Present at this conference were Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, Professor Schuecking, Ministerial Director Simons, and myself. All were convinced that the peace conditions could only reinforce the nationalist feeling in Germany, and we searched for a way to prevent it. It was not the special conditions, the territorial clauses, and so forth, that were the most absorbing topics. All that had been foreshadowed in other treaties. The peace between Germany and Russia signed at Brest-Litovsk was very hard on Russia, but just the same it had not provoked a wave of national hatred against Germany. We were convinced that

above all it was the portion treating of the war guilt of Germany and of the consequences of this censure that would disturb the soul of the people to its depths. However, the decision of the Allies to base the treaty on these facts was already taken. It would have been insane to combat this decision. But it was necessary to do something in order to convince everybody that the government in power would not accept.

"Could we not prove that we were not alone responsible for provoking the war?" one of the assistants asked.

Again Brockdorff-Rantzau turned to me. I remembered that several weeks before, young Herr von Bülow, the nephew of the ex-Chancellor, had spoken to me of the secret archives of Serbia that had been discovered by the German troops on entering Belgrade.

"If there is proof," he said, "that Russia plotted with Serbia to incite the war, it might be found there."

Convinced, as was I, that war guilt would play a big role, he suggested that I search these papers for some evidence with which to launch a campaign against the thesis. I was skeptical. Certainly, if two governments plotted for the assassination of an archduke, if they deliberately planned to cause a war, no document, secret as it might be, would contain actual proofs of such a conspiracy. Hidden diplomatic procedure, in such a case, does not allow the possibility of establishing conviction. But now recalling this

conversation, I told the others about it, in order to launch a counterattack—if possible.

I left again for Berlin. I was deeply moved when they brought into my office at the Foreign Office the secret papers of the old Serbian monarchy. Herr von Bülow, later to become Under-Secretary of State and the most rabid enemy of the League of Nations, showed me documents that, in my opinion, contained not the slightest real evidence for conviction—not the shadow of tangible proof. However, I believed it my duty to do everything possible. For forty-eight hours I was closeted in my office, neglecting even food—so earnest was my search for a sentence, a phrase, a word, anything upon which I could lay the foundation for the campaign. Finally, I elaborated upon two or three newspaper articles, but I was not convinced that with these I could persuade anyone.

The following morning I requisitioned an army plane and rushed to Denmark to attempt, by money and persuasion, to start the campaign against war guilt, using neutral newspapers to launch the first articles.

I got in touch with friends, politicians, publicists and editors of the Danish papers. It was in vain—they were averse to associating themselves with a campaign so badly authenticated. Meanwhile, events at Versailles were reaching a climax. I was in one of the beautiful hotels near the Sund. The waters of the Baltic were blue and bathers

lollod on the beach. Syringas were in full bloom and in the distance the coast line of Sweden was only a small yellow and white line. While I was enjoying this peaceful scene from the balcony outside my window, a special courier arrived. He informed me that the Allied states and their associates had notified our peace delegation of their ultimatum, with a limit of just a few days to sign. He added that even now the delegation was en route from Versailles to Weimar and that my chief had asked me to join them there as quickly as possible to participate in the government deliberations.

For an hour I remained tranquilly on my balcony to reflect, when I was aroused by the arrival of two men from the German secret service, which in the meantime had been informed of events. We discussed the consequences that non-signature might have from a military point of view; we were convinced that the Allies would march. Suddenly, one of my visitors became pale and pointed toward the horizon.

Far, far out, a small black spot appeared. As it grew larger we made out the lines of an airship—a French machine, flying over the Sund and evidently on its way to Kiel. A little later, in the distance, warships came into view.

“They are ready to start the bombardment,” I said. In haste I returned to Copenhagen where a plane awaited me.

I arrived in Weimar to find it buzzing with excitement. The German delegation had just arrived and I met Brockdorff-Rantzau in his apartment at the Château. He was with the President of Germany, Herr Ebert, Chancellor Scheidemann and the Ministerial Director, Simons. I read in their faces that the situation was grave. In a corridor of the Château, I met one of our collaborators at Versailles. He informed me that old Giesberts, a brave man, head of the Catholic Workmen's Union, himself a former laborer and one of the five principal delegates, had become terribly intoxicated at Versailles. He had been found alone at a table, surrounded by empty wine bottles, banging the table with his fists and repeatedly crying, "Before signing that, I prefer to see Bolshevism in Germany." Now, half of his party was almost ready to plead for the signature.

I reported my impressions of Scandinavia. I told them of my contacts with Scandinavian politicians who had just returned from England. I assured them that the sympathy of the greater part of the neutral countries would turn to Germany the instant the Allied armies marched. I was sure, coming away from the meeting (it was not a cabinet meeting, but none the less one of utmost importance) that the following days would witness a terrible struggle.

In the corridors of the National Assembly established in the theater at Weimar, I found a howling mob. One of the editors of my former paper, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*,

which I represented in Copenhagen during the war, fell upon me, crying, "It isn't possible that you will not sign. We at Frankfort will be the first to have the occupation. They will send colored troops and bands of Anamites. You don't want to see that. They will destroy the birth-place of Goethe!"

It was moving, frightening and ridiculous at the same time.

But it was not only that. It was, to a certain extent, the voice of the regions most menaced by a further occupation, and it carried a great deal of weight in the decisions to be taken.

The parts of Germany most exposed to the further invasion of Allied armies were, for the most part, inhabited by a farmer-workman population. The farmers, in spite of their high prices for food during the war, had suffered enormously and the workmen had been no better off. It is understandable that they felt they had had enough. But in these same regions were the big factories of heavy industry. The plants of Krupp, Thyssen and Stinnes were only a figurative stone's throw from the French border. What would be the attitude of these iron and coal magnates? Openly, they apparently upheld the campaign against the signature, but would they be willing to take their share of the responsibility for non-signature? What were they plotting behind the scenes? The attitude of Giesberts was

illuminating. He, a labor leader, had been sent to Versailles as one of the principal delegates. But by strange coincidence, he had as private secretary at Versailles, Herr Fritz Thyssen, the future head of the Thyssen industries, manufacturers of war materials and interested in large mining enterprises in France.

I met Hugo Haase, leader of the Independent Socialist party. He was one of the most sympathetic figures of the National Assembly. My contacts with him were frequent.

"What do you expect?" he asked. "I readily recognize that it would be a more farsighted policy not to sign. But the masses are pressing us. I do not know if we could vote against the signature. . . . Pay attention to Erzberger."

He was right. Erzberger and Brockdorff-Rantzau became the two most important figures in the days that followed. Erzberger had been a minor professor in a primary school in Schwaben. Small and round, with short but expressive hands, brilliant eyes behind thick glasses, he was an excellent orator. He spoke the language of South Germany. He could be persuasive. He was well versed in intrigue. He was involved in every political event and commercial affair. He had risen rapidly in the Centrist or Catholic party, of which he was, at one time, the youngest deputy. He was the cleverest parliamentarian in Germany, but at the same time the type of parliamentarian most exposed to the anti-parliamentarian propaganda.

Brockdorff-Rantzau was one of the great disillusioned who still guard their ideals, and who consequently are rare in the world's history. This brilliant mind was truly Bohemian. As a rule, he arose at four in the afternoon, lunched at midnight, and went to bed at six in the morning. When I became his chief collaborator in Copenhagen, he received me each night at eleven. At eleven-fifty, his servant would enter carrying a silver platter on which rested a gold fork with which the nobleman would feed an accompanying dog. Only after this ceremony at exactly midnight, the doors would open and luncheon was served.

Rantzau had succeeded in getting from the famous Restaurant Borchardt, in Berlin, its most celebrated chef. His midnight repasts were extraordinary. More startling still were his guests. At his singular luncheons one found a peddler with a precious miniature, discovered by chance in an antique shop, artisans, men of letters—in fact one was apt to find almost anyone. His sherries, champagnes and brandies were of the best. I think that during the years I assisted him, I never saw him without a cigarette at his lips. His humor, his *esprit* were most pungent. At Versailles, one day, he visited the gardens of Saint-Germain-en-Laye, with a French officer attached to the Henry mission. He was a rose cultivator on his estates at Schleswig, and his attention was drawn by a new species of rose that he had never seen. He asked the French officer about it.

"Yes," explained the officer, "it is a new species and we call it the Marshal Foch." Rantzau replied, "Well, well, never a rose without a thorn."

On another occasion, among the guests at a luncheon, was the wife of the Finance Minister of one of the neutral countries. Her gown was very décolleté but nature had not endowed her with the necessary charms to wear such a garment. Rantzau gazed at her and then murmured to me, "She is just like her husband, an uncovered deficit."

The struggle between these two adversaries was strange. Rantzau, career diplomat, fought with the fencing foil. Erzberger, son of the people, used a mace. The Social Democrats and the Democrats were against the signature. The Catholic party, under the influence of Erzberger, started to divide. The right carried on its propaganda against the signature, but had no intention of upholding the republican government, which it detested, in a strong stand for non-signature. Probably it will never be revealed how the powers behind the scenes in the parties of the right actually worked. One fact is certain and it is strange that it never has been exploited by the republican propaganda in Germany: when the battle over the signature was at its height, President Ebert invited one of the leaders of the National People's party, Count Posadowsky-Wehner, to visit him. As I said before, the National People's party was the party of big industry, and also of the junkers of East

Prussia. It was in reality the continuation of the old conservative-monarchist party, but it also included those politicians of Imperial Germany who were called "the free conservatives," that is to say, conservatives of a slightly progressive trend. Count Posadowsky-Wehner belonged to this last group. He was a distinguished old man, with an impressive white beard, and resembled somewhat a future President of the French Republic, Doumer. President Ebert suggested that the Democrats, the Populist party, which was Dr. Gustav Stresemann's party, and the Social Democrats together form a cabinet against the signature that would insure the government the majority required by the constitution. Count Posadowsky-Wehner declined the proposition, stressing interior problems and demanding, in a veiled manner, the restoration of the monarchy. This edifying fact was published only once in an academic review appearing at that time in Munich.

The decisive blow was dealt by Erzberger in the corridors of the National Assembly. This good man, his face red as a tomato, suddenly appeared among the startled deputies, waving a paper in his hand. "An important message that I have just received," he cried. "My liaison officer, returning from American General Headquarters, informs me that after the signature, the Americans are going to cross out the points of honor in the treaty."

The "points of honor" was an extremely vague expres-

sion. It could refer to the demand for the extradition of the Kaiser, against certain generals, against those responsible for the ravages in the devastated regions of France; it could mean the question of the war guilt; it could mean a thousand other things. But no one thought of that. There was an extraordinary fascination exerted by this small agitated man, running through the corridors and crying in his South German patois: "The points of honor will be stricken out."

The American General Headquarters had never made such a promise.

Endless small factional discussions commenced. And the hour at which the Allied ultimatum would expire grew nearer and nearer. One reprieve had been asked and granted. What to do? No one was ready to assume the responsibility for or against the signature. It was complete chaos. The most sensible men wavered, the clearest minds seemed ready for an insane asylum. Late in the night a formula was evolved. The Independent Socialists, the Social Democrats, the Catholic party voted for the signature. The necessary majority had been reached. The parties who were not ready to vote for the signature had a declaration read from the tribune of parliament indicating that they recognized the patriotic reasons of the parties taking the responsibility and promising never to use the fact of the signature in their political propaganda. They kept

this promise only in appearance. The powers behind them created the National Socialist movement of Hitler, not represented in the Assembly at that time, but playing the card of signature responsibility in the political poker game with both a refinement and brutality that resulted finally in all that the reactionary parties desired—the death of the republic and of democracy in Germany.

The two chief protagonists of these memorable days are no longer alive. Erzberger was assassinated in 1921 by Nationalist conspirators while he was taking a walk in the Black Forest, and his companion, another deputy of the Catholic party, barely escaped the same fate.

Count Brockdorff-Rantzau died of pneumonia in 1928-29 at Weisser Hirsch near Dresden, after serving for some years as German Ambassador at Moscow. There his intimate friendship with the Commissar of the People at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Tchitcherin, was invaluable in the amelioration of Russo-German relations.

CHAPTER III

COUNT BROCKDORFF-RANTZAU sent a memorandum to Chancellor Scheidemann, suggesting that I remain in the diplomatic service and make it my life career. He proposed my name for a post as *chargé d'affaires*, either in a Scandinavian country or a South American republic, or as observer at Geneva where the League of Nations soon was to be installed.

I declined. I had had enough of the atmosphere of chambers and antechambers of ministries and of the governmental world. In addition I had opposed the signature of the peace treaty with all my strength. I had little desire to associate myself further with a policy in which I could foresee nothing but evil results—a policy of sabotage for the treaty and growing resentment abroad, followed by the destruction of our democracy.

Rantzau, once the peace was signed, retired to his estates in Schleswig. For a short time I resided at Copenhagen, in my former post as correspondent for the *Frankfurter Zeitung* that I had represented early in the war.

It was there that I was introduced to one and renewed

contact with another of the future leaders of the Third Reich. The German Minister at Copenhagen, with whom I had frequent contacts, was Herr von Neurath, later Minister of Foreign Affairs for Adolf Hitler. He is now "Protector" of Bohemia. I had played a certain role in his nomination to the post at Copenhagen. For many years von Neurath had been Chamberlain at the Court of Württemberg. In the winter of 1918-19, Brockdorff-Rantzau had left the Legation at Copenhagen to become Minister of Foreign Affairs of the new republic. Prior to his appointment I had taken part in several discussions with the commissioners of the people, Ebert and Scheidemann. As aide to Brockdorff-Rantzau I acted often as his liaison officer with Scheidemann.

One morning in January, 1919, I received a telephone call at the Foreign Office from Scheidemann, who asked urgently to see me. I found him in his office at the Chancellery.

"I have learned," he told me, "that Brockdorff is going to name Herr von Neurath Minister to Copenhagen. It is the first time that the new republic is to name an accredited diplomat to a foreign government. I do not see the necessity of sending a courtier. I would prefer to see a politician belonging to one of the government parties. It would be very kind of you to make this observation to your chief."

I hurried to Rantzau's office, and gave him Scheide-

mann's message. Rantzau looked at me with his mocking air and slightly closing his eyes, answered, "Very well, if you meet the Chancellor, tell him that at Copenhagen I have no need for a politician, but only for a reliable post-man." And Herr von Neurath was appointed.

A few days later, before leaving for Copenhagen, he came to my office. Baron von Neurath made a very good impression on me. Tall, although too heavy, he had the regular features of a man who in his youth certainly merited the title, handsome. His eyes were dark and intelligent. He stood out less by marks of genius than by a sincerity which had its natural limits in a studied affability and in the habit of routine which characterized many of the diplomatic corps and of European court circles.

It was this same Herr von Neurath who, several months later, called at my villa at Copenhagen. "Listen, Doctor," he said, "a very curious incident has just taken place and you will do me a great service if you will inquire about it."

He told me that at the airport of Blegdamsvej, near Copenhagen, a German military plane, carrying the iron cross, had landed.

I made inquiries and learned that the only occupant of the plane was the pilot, in war uniform and with the "Merit" medal around his neck. His name was Hermann Goering and the story of his landing in Denmark was most interesting.

Goering was a brilliant war pilot. After the tragic death of Herr von Richthofen, head of the famous pursuit squadron, Goering became his successor and one of the most famous pilots of the Imperial army. Immediately after the war, he was put in charge of the liquidation of certain stocks of aviation material and, according to rumor, he made some money with a Polish commercial agent, of the not too Aryan name of Moische Graeubart. Later, Goering learned that the commissions in control of German disarmament, during their stay in Germany, were intending to confiscate his old wartime plane. Secretly he went to the hangar where the plane was kept and fled from Germany.

It was in this machine that he arrived in Denmark after a dangerous flight, for the tanks contained barely enough gasoline to cross the Baltic.

A series of diplomatic conversations followed. The foreign service of the Danish police occupied themselves with the affair for several weeks. The Allied governments demanded the extradition of Goering and his plane, but the Danish authorities refused.

A friend of mine, owner of a publishing house in Copenhagen, received a letter from the department of propaganda of the German Legation at Copenhagen, signed by Herr von Jena, then press chief of the Legation. This letter, the original of which must exist still, I remember perfectly:

Dear Sir:

You have read of the arrival of Herr Goering in this city. I recommend him to your attention. He loves champagne and beautiful women. Best wishes.

The German Legation
VON JENA.

It was with this official that I met Herr Goering one night in company with several beautiful women and imbibing considerable champagne. He was a very handsome man. Of medium height, bronzed, with light blue eyes and the brilliant humor of an educated mercenary, he was a heavy drinker and a bit noisy in manner, but after all what one would call a good comrade. The only thing that disturbed the picture a bit was his extraordinary vanity and a certain national megalomania that caused him to talk of nothing but the war, of his successes, the greatness of the German army and the necessity of further changing the map of Europe. He no longer wore his campaign uniform but a very correct dinner jacket and the inevitable Merit medal at his collar. He was making money. He had saved his pursuit plane and was giving exhibition flights which drew crowds of people. This is understandable because of the enormous amount of publicity he received through his flight from Germany.

He had been invited by the Danish government to serve as an instructor of aviation in the Danish army. I

met him frequently. Now, in the evenings, he wore full evening dress. He always had a crowd of women around him. Six o'clock in the morning would find him intoxicated in the lowest bars in Copenhagen, surrounded by street girls of the port and giving discourses on the glorious future of Germany, as he waved his Merit medal aloft. Several weeks later he was put out of the Danish army. It was said two of his subordinates had complained against him for too great an interest in the women of their families.

A shadowy phase in the life of Goering now began. He installed himself as a commercial agent in a big office building in Copenhagen, the Axelborg, where he traded in razor blades and among other things had contacts with the German Air Lines. His amorous adventures multiplied. He preferred chorus girls of the revues, cabarets and *cafés chantants*. Frequently he was not seen in Copenhagen for days. He was with one of his friends in the provinces. Often, after these trips, the German Legation was notified that a certain German officer had stayed at such and such a hotel and had disappeared without paying his bill. Soon there were few restaurants, hotels or hotel porters in Copenhagen to whom he was not in debt. All this information was accumulated by Herr von Neurath, who finally signaled the police and had Goering expelled from Denmark. He climbed in his plane and flew to Sweden.

At Göteborg he took up again his exhibition flights, but made very little money. For the first time it was learned that this brilliant pilot, because of his sufferings from war wounds, was obliged to take drugs. Some spoke of morphine, others of cocaine, but no one knew exactly. After a few weeks, the people of Göteborg lost interest. Again he changed his domicile and continued his exhibition flights at Stockholm. Again, public interest lagged, and without resources, Goering sold his pursuit plane, which was still legally the property of the German state.

Drugs now began to dominate him completely. In the meantime, he had met and married his first wife. One night, completely drunk and sodden with drugs, he was found prowling through the Birger Jarlsgatan, the main street of Stockholm, with two loaded revolvers, firing into the show windows of the stores. He was arrested and sent to an insane asylum.

It was from there he returned to Germany to join later at Munich the new political party created by Adolf Hitler. Many stories of Goering's vanity are almost without equal. All this has a place today in a picture of that confused and absurd epoch. For today it is this same Hermann Goering who, time and time again, mounts the public tribune to sing the resounding praises of the superiority of the Nordic race and for whom incense is burned as one of the most divine and shining examples of that race.

I returned to Germany in 1920 at the time of the Kapp *Putsch*, when the fall of the mark forced the *Frankfurter Zeitung* to reorganize and diminish its foreign service, and the bureau at Copenhagen was closed. During the following years I was mostly occupied with journalistic work which from time to time was interrupted by more or less important under-cover missions. I was on the staff of Berlin newspapers. I was special correspondent in Paris. I attended great international conferences and meetings of the League of Nations, where I was eyewitness of the political hurly-burly that attempted to cure the ills created by the war—the stupidities of the peace, the unceasing palavers, carried on by statesmen constantly advertising themselves to their public either from the orator's tribune, or as exhibitionists on the golf links.

I became more convinced of the anti-republican threat in Germany when, after returning to Berlin at the beginning of 1925, I witnessed the stupid policy that made Marshal von Hindenburg successor to Friedrich Ebert, when I saw the intimate collaboration of nationalist circles of the National People's party with the Nazis, when I saw that the legend of a dagger thrust in the back of the German army was being made the core of all anti-republican and anti-democratic propaganda.

Shortly thereafter the political parties and the great industrialists of the Saar region requested my services for

the purpose of Saar propaganda. Later, in 1928, I was chief editor of a press syndicate in Berlin, the *Deutscher Matern Verlag* that served several hundred newspapers throughout Germany. The majority shares of this concern belonged to the governments of the Reich and of Prussia.

I mention all this to show that in all those years I was in the turmoil of German politics, both internal and foreign. But I was, nevertheless, an isolated figure, for I did not actively work for any of the political parties of my country. Before the war for a short time I had belonged to the Democratic Union, the only bourgeois republican party in Imperial Germany. During and immediately after the war, I did not interest myself in local politics because of my absorption in foreign affairs, and later in the general maintenance of democracy and the republic rather than in isolated parties.

While this gave me a certain force and better position from which to ally myself with one or the other according to the needs of the moment, it also considerably weakened my position. Always and for everybody I was an outsider. This suited me in a measure. My motives never were those of personal ambition. What I wanted was really to accomplish something for democracy in Germany, and I knew that no man could succeed unless he had at his disposition the means to change profoundly the imperfections of the democratic system as it then existed.

The Weimar Constitution was a superb instrument with which to make Germany a real republic. Only one thing was necessary. This was to educate the public in the spirit of the constitution and to enforce the laws with all vigor. The parties in power accomplished practically nothing in this direction. They saw in the existence of the constitution a sufficient safeguard for the maintenance of the régime. They did not believe that education was necessary; they saw no need for republican propaganda that would penetrate both the brains and hearts of the masses.

They believed that the mere fact of their being, their existence as children of the common people and as persons with good manners would not only make them popular but would guarantee their eternal glory. They did not understand that democracy and the republic were not beautiful monuments that could be exposed to rain and wind up to the moment they were good enough to be placed in a museum, but were living bodies that like everything that lives must have uninterrupted rejuvenation.

In 1930 I was charged through the *Deutscher Matern Verlag* to direct publicity for the electoral campaign of the Democratic party, fused at that moment with the "Order of Young Germans," under the name of the German State party. Prior to that time I had spoken against the Nazis, but now, knowing that the last moment to do so had come, I came out strongly against the Hitler menace. I began

campaigning with an article entitled *I Am a Roman Citizen*, in which I stated that the pride contained in the phrase was lacking in German citizens. The article demanded the unity of the citizen and the state in such a manner that the state became the expression of the personality and the needs of the citizen.

During the campaign I pleaded for the absolute suppression of the Nazi party. I attempted several times to speak at Nazi meetings in Berlin suburbs. The only result was a beating by huge Elite Guards at the very moment that I appeared on the platform and before I had the opportunity to utter more than a dozen words.

The election of September, 1930, for the first time sent more than a hundred Nazi deputies to the Reichstag. Seeing that in the republican parties nothing effective would be accomplished to prevent the uninterrupted march of Nazism toward absolute power, I abandoned the political-journalistic scene. Disgusted with the atmosphere of Berlin, where politicians without creative imagination toyed carelessly in their corridor intrigues with the dangers of Nazism, I left Germany in January, 1931, took a small apartment at Monte Carlo and indulged in the writing of novels and short stories.

Many letters soon began to arrive from friends, asking that I again turn my attention toward the political arena. My editors also wanted me to return to Germany. I did not

return at once, but went to Czecho-Slovakia, where I installed myself at the hamlet of Rosendorf, a few miles from the German frontier, between the farm region and the game forests. It was by curious chance that I chose just this spot. During the months that followed, through my love of hunting, fishing and walking, I gained complete knowledge of this frontier region. Soon I knew every little path in the forest, the mountain trails of smugglers and the dangerous ascents over the jagged cliffs. It was a sign of providence, as I will indicate later.

During the winter of 1931-1932, after more and more urgings from my friends, I returned finally to Germany.

CHAPTER IV

AGAIN living within the frontiers and breathing the atmosphere of Germany, I soon realized that the Nazi party's advent to power was not far off. I felt that if something effective could be done to destroy the system that Herr Hitler and his satellites were establishing, it must be started at once.

I became convinced also that a revival of the old parties was not possible. Republican Germany was suffering from a general political arteriosclerosis. It was absolutely necessary to create something new. And this new thing, from its very inception, would be outlawed—beyond the pale of governmental co-operation.

I settled down at Hellerau, near Dresden, where for the time I continued writing novels. Hellerau is one of the rare artists' and writers' colonies in Germany. The entire village revolves around a large temple, erected for the Isadora Duncan school of the dance. The streets are edged with cottages in a pleasing, fanciful style. However, this extraordinarily serene atmosphere even then was poisoned by totalitarian microbes.

At Zinke's, the local café, I met my old friend, Arthur Arzt, deputy of the Social Democrats in the Reichstag.

Later I was to meet him again as an impoverished and unfortunate refugee on the German—Czecho-Slovak frontier, when he became one of my most indefatigable assistants in the outlaw organization against Hitler, after Nazism came into power.

We met every evening for a game of cards. A former school teacher, he was at this time president of the Association of Socialist Teachers of the Elementary Schools in Germany. He was a real Saxon, with the accent that makes people smile even when the speaker is entirely serious. He always wore an old cape that gave him the air of a mountain hunter, even when his promenade was through the solemn, gloomy halls of the Reichstag building in Berlin. He was not a favorite with the other deputies of his party, but they could not get along without him. He was a demagogue of importance. His sonorous voice, without aid from loudspeakers, easily filled the enormous arena near Dresden, where the six-day bicycle races were held. He was one of those Social Democrats who, up until the end of the war, never thought of substituting a democratic republic for the Kaiser's autocracy. A few years after the war, he turned to the radical wing of his party and even played a dominant role in the government of the Saxon President, Zeigner, which was so communistic that the German army was forced to intervene. Later, he again switched to the right.

When I met him, he was in a fatalistic frame of mind. More than once, he said to me: "What would you do with these old fellows in our party? They have their wages, they grow fat and they have no thought or care for the future. The party in Saxony has an entirely different idea. We have arms; the masses are ready to fight. I have arranged to get a telegram in code from Berlin the instant there is a chance. But I shall never get this message! The only time these old idiots prefer blood is when they have a roast served to them."

He was right and I realized it fully during the following weeks when I visited Berlin and talked with friends of different political parties.

I was appalled. No other word can explain my feelings. I who never was a Marxist, who always was a bourgeois democrat, pleaded that the masses mobilize for a resurrection of the fighting instinct.

"You are only like those excited Philistines," one of the chiefs of the Social Democratic party said to me. "No reason exists for you to be afraid. Being in power calms you always. Let the Nazis sit around the butter dish and all this radicalism will disappear as if at the touch of a juggler's wand."

That was the doctrine of almost all the politicians of the old school, the theory that it was possible "to eliminate the venom." It was a mad theory that did not make allow-

ance for the fact that in fighting against the Nazi movement, people were not dealing with normal men but with fanatics and visionaries. If a person imagines that he was born to fill an extraordinary role, it is most unfortunate if he has not an extraordinary grip on himself. And if he thinks himself the apostle of a new era, it is worse. But if one mounts the rostrum before an enormous crowd, with the fierce mien of a bigot, invokes the discord of a dancing dervish, declaiming that he is destined by the Almighty to bring about a millennium, then I can only quote Dante, when he described the entrance to Hell. For people like that, the butter dish need not be more than the pleasant spice to season their elementary appetites.

The man of the old parties with whom I had the most important conferences was the brilliant writer, Robert Breuer; later he also was a refugee, and at present he manages to exist in Paris, as head of a small manufactory of women's lingerie.

Breuer, immediately after the revolution of 1918, had been the most trusted assistant of Ebert, the first President of the German Republic. He had been editor-in-chief of the Social Democratic review, *Die Glocke*. Later, and at the very period to which I now refer, he was commissioner for Germany and Prussia for a special bureau, *Der Heimatdienst*. This was an undercover propaganda activity,

concerned especially with preserving patriotic instinct along the frontiers.

When I called on him at the beginning of 1932, he received me in his ornate office in the Potsdamerstrasse. He burst into laughter when I said, "Listen, Robert, a year from now you will be obliged to leave Germany in secret. You know my haunts are on the other side of the Czechoslovakian border. I know every little lane through the woods. In a few weeks I am changing my apartment and my name no longer will be on the police records. Probably I may be able to hold out a little longer than the rest of you. When you are forced to leave, come to me."

"You are completely out of your mind," he answered. "There will be a coalition government, and after it is once in power, the Nazis soon will be done for. They have made too many promises that they cannot keep. The same throngs who applaud them today will sweep them away as soon as they know that these promises are impossible."

This conversation with Robert Breuer was the last straw for me. I knew him as an intelligent man, endowed with unusual discernment and sound judgment, even though at times it was somewhat narrowed by the viewpoint of almost all those in Germany who made literature their springboard to political activities. These people were only too often ready to sacrifice a rational argument for a phrase

or a word that they considered humorous, ironic or sarcastic. Doubtless it gave them intellectual pleasure to visualize the Nazi chiefs, those mad men on parole, as like the rest of the world.

At the beginning of March, 1932, I called a meeting of about two dozen persons in the apartment of one of my best friends in Berlin who today, like myself, is compelled to live in a foreign country. He is an Aryan of the purest stock, the son of a big farmer of North Germany and a man of striking culture and wide education. In politics, he is one of those rare Germans who preserve traditions of the noble revolutionary years of 1848, and who are the genuine type of German democrats.

In this secret meeting were friends of mine, invited from all sections of the country. They included army officers, manufacturers, commercial employees, artisans, all chosen most carefully. Of everyone in that group I was unmistakably sure. After explaining how I viewed our national situation at that moment, I asked them a very simple question: "Do you agree with all this? Soon you will have no more personal liberty. You will no longer be able to say what you think. You will not have the privilege of confessing your religion as you please. Private property will cease to exist in the accepted sense of the word. Nor will socialism exist. You will have neither democracy nor autocracy, nothing but the oligarchy of a small, brutal

clique. War will come—a war in which Germany will not have much chance for victory. The time has come to make a decision. I have known each of you for years. I know that we have the same political ideas, and that you are good Germans and good democrats. Do you intend to give up or do you intend to fight?”

When I recall this scene, I relive one of the most impressive moments of my life. I have had considerable success as an orator in public gatherings. I have been both applauded and violently hissed. And sometimes catcalls were more important than cheers, in order to know fully that you were on the right line. On this occasion, nobody spoke for several minutes. Then an old colonel of the Imperial army arose and said, “Well, I feel that we all believe it is up to you to propose some scheme to us.”

I began to speak again: “We are twenty-nine Germans here. Ordinarily, if three Germans are together, they form a group for a card game, an association of some sort or other, or a political party. If we keep to the tradition, we should form at least nine political parties. I am opposed to that. . . .” A few began to laugh.

“What we ought to do now is not to form a political party at all,” I continued. “A political party must do its work under the public eye. We must perform a silent labor. As I told you a little while ago, it is my firm belief that a year from this date at most the Nazis will be in

power. We must prepare for a long underground fight. Beginning today, we should get the foundations ready—in the administrative bodies, the army, centers of economic life, among workmen—and we should work independently of the old parties. We must produce something entirely new for Germany. None of us here is a Marxist. None of us sees the future of his political activities in a social revolution. None of us wants to become the servant of an international movement. We all live in the best German tradition. It is victory for this German tradition that we want. That must be the program of this movement and I propose that it be called ‘The German Vanguard.’ ”

This program was accepted.

These two dozen friends, from that hour, were the nucleus of an outlaw organization formed within Germany. They did not remain alone. Hundreds and thousands joined them; and in spite of mass arrests, in spite of tortures, persecutions, murders and executions, I can say that not one of the original members, up to this time, has been tracked down by the secret police of the Third Reich. Three of them in recent years died natural deaths. The moment has not yet come to identify them, but it is my earnest hope that someday their names will be engraved on a plaque of honor on the wall of the German Parliament—someday when another government than the Nazis will again conduct the fortunes of the German people.

From that time, we set tirelessly about preparing the underground battle. We divided Germany into fifteen regional districts. Some of my friends took the leadership of these districts. The others served only as contact men. Each of the district heads was duty bound to find other trustworthy men in order to form chains of informers and propagandists. The system aimed at isolating the director of each district as much as possible. Each "assistant" had the inviolable trust of organizing, at his own risk. Each became responsible for the people he brought in.

As for myself, I remained unknown to every member of the movement except those who took part in the founders' conference. On the other hand, I was the only one who knew the names of all the important members. From the very beginning, it was strictly forbidden to link contacts at the bottom of the movement. When a need arose to coordinate certain actions, it was done only in an upper group, so that, for example, the man directing the Rhine district had no knowledge of the personnel of the movement in East Prussia. It was of first necessity to forestall possible mass arrests by limiting the knowledge of each co-worker to a very narrow circle.

Later, I shall explain at greater length the ferocious daily struggle carried on since 1933 between our forces and the secret police of Herr Hitler. All that I can say here is that in our organization there were never any written lists

of members, either in Germany or on the outside. This made the work more difficult for the various district leaders but also made it much safer.

On the first day, I drew up a well-defined program of action. It included the following points that are still in force: first, a complete information service; second, the spread of propaganda by every appropriate means; third, the slow preparation for revolution; fourth, absolute obedience to the directing force of the party; fifth, personal responsibility to the highest degree possible.

Our first concern was to have our friends already in important posts join Adolf Hitler's National Socialist party. It was a measure of precaution for them to keep their places when the régime changed. For many of them this was a great spiritual sacrifice. Since then, some of them have climbed the ladder and are in the inner circle of the Nazi party. Others have left us. Fortunately, none was sufficiently informed concerning our movement to be dangerous.

From the first, we agreed on the principle that the isolated worker in an important position was much more valuable than even millions who, at the propitious time, could only be "followers." For example, the chief of a bureau at the National Economy Ministry, who could inform us on statistics and figures, and, at a decisive moment,

by an "erroneous" order, disorganize the well-oiled machinery, was infinitely more valuable than thousands of factory workers who would supply us with many petty details. At least, this was to be our policy while the revolution was being planned.

My methods as practiced in the open were later frequently attacked. In 1937, a Prague newspaper accused me of being dictatorial. Nothing is more stupid than this indictment. The method in which I guided the movement succeeded because of this consideration only: to secure the most safety possible for each participant by limiting the personal acquaintances of each. It was not an attitude imposed by distrust, although I admit that in matters of this kind distrust is the supreme law. But the battle against treason is very much easier than that against chance. Unlucky chance is really the most dangerous enemy of every conspiracy.

Organizing this work kept me busy until the late summer of 1932. In the meantime, on July 22, Herr von Papen's unexpected change of policy dispossessed the old parties of their last positions of power, even in Prussia. When I returned to Berlin, I found Robert Breuer dismissed from his sumptuous office of special commissioner, just as I had foreseen. When Herr von Papen was succeeded by General von Schleicher, poor Robert was even put into prison for

a few days, having been denounced for appealing for armed revolt during a public meeting of the *Reichsbanner*, the protective organization of the republican parties.

But he was still full of hope. The Social Democrats, after being driven from the government in Prussia by von Papen, thought it an act of outstanding diplomacy to enter complaint in Germany's Supreme Court. Probably they were of the opinion that the possibility of a judgment favorable to them, made by the red-robed judges at Leipzig, would make the generals in command tremble with fear. But naturally the Supreme Court declared itself against them, and at Bendlerstrasse, the offices of the Minister of the Reichswehr, never were such days of Homeric fun as when the President of Prussia, Herr Otto Braun, instead of mobilizing the workers, mobilized the lawyers.

Breuer, who for me in some degree represented the voice of his party, was still optimistic but in lesser degree. His hopes at that time were firmly linked with the person of General von Schleicher. "You know—he is very wily, this Schleicher," he said to me. "He personifies the traditions of the true staff officer. He will never permit a former corporal and paperhanger to become President of the German Republic, or even Chancellor. Schleicher in power is our guarantee that all is over with Hitler, now and finally."

I talked also with Otto Nuschke, an old friend, who was

editor-in-chief of the *Berliner Volkszeitung* and a Democratic deputy in the Prussian Diet.

We met at his little villa, near *Weissensee*, in the midst of beehives. We sat in his room, done in a primitive rustic style, and sipped that abominable drink, beloved of the Berliner, known as *Berliner Weisse*, a light, sourish beer, mixed with a raspberry syrup, or, for an old roué, with kummel.

"Even if it does not please us," Nuschke said, "I prefer the army as dictator to a Hitlerian state. The army is our guarantee at present."

I had come with the intention of asking Nuschke to join our movement. I did not say a word. The fatalism of the traditional democracy was stifling me. That fatalism, born of the conviction that the world in itself is good; that a pre-established harmony exists; that the laws are an expression of it; and that these laws would be ample guarantee of equality, liberty and even happiness to each of us—that fatalism caused the fall of German democracy under the brute force of Nazism.

During this period I went to a small meeting in a friend's apartment in Berlin's west side. People of all political shades were there: Communists, reactionaries, democrats. Confusion was rife. Little by little, every person there made a short speech. Rarely have I heard so much heated talk. I alone remained silent.

Finally, a man of the type we once called "parlor bolshevik" rushed at me, pointing his finger at my nose and shouting, "Well, you, last democrat in Germany, what do *you* say about it?"

I do not give the name of this gentleman. He is now living in exile. His grandfather was a minister under Wilhelm I. He belongs to one of the best-known families of the Prussian aristocracy. He was a writer of lyrics and designed scenery for a Berlin theater. His soirées were passed entertaining the Communist youth.

"Everybody here today spoke of going to the barricades," I replied finally. "I will tell you my opinion. None of you will be seen at the barricades. Someday, when there are barricades in Germany, the unknown bourgeois youth will be there."

At this, the meeting became riotous. Rarely have I been insulted as on that afternoon. But I was correct, unfortunately. Two of those present are now respected members of the Nazi party. The "parlor pink" I have just mentioned soon was in full flight. As for the barricades, nobody has yet seen them.

In another of my then frequent visits to Berlin, I was invited to a dinner of the Society of German Authors in the *Marmorsaele* of the Zoo, in honor of Gerhardt Hauptmann's seventieth birthday. It was about two weeks before Hitler's advent to power. I had arrived at Berlin in knicker-

bockers and a worn sport jacket, because I had to call on people in the workers' sections. At Dresden, people had already begun to suspect me.

For this dinner, obviously, I had to be in evening dress. I borrowed the coat of one of my friends, shirt and collar of another, shoes from a third and appeared at the celebration for Herr Gerhardt Hauptmann. Ordinarily, these gala dinners at the *Marmorsaele* were among the gayest, most festive social events of the capital. That evening it was forced gaiety under shadow of the storm. I do not exaggerate in saying that of the several hundred well-known persons there, at least sixty per cent are now in exile. The dinner was presided over by Herr Bermann, director of the publishing house of S. Fischer, who for more than forty years printed all of Hauptmann's books. This firm no longer exists in Germany. After Hitler's rise, it transferred to Vienna. After the Nazi occupation of Austria, it again changed address. It is now in Stockholm and Herr Bermann with it.

The principal address that evening was made by the famous literary and dramatic critic of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Alfred Kerr, who was linked with Hauptmann during the whole of the latter's career and who was really the prophet of the new generation of writers in Germany. He lives today in poverty and exile in Paris.

The dinner was arranged at little tables. Seated with

me was a well-known writer who now lives in New York and is a physician. Another writer, Walter Mehring, who first lived as a refugee in Paris and later at Vienna, escaped at the very moment of the German occupation and at present resides again in Paris. The third at our table was the same friend at whose house we held the meeting I described a few pages back. The fourth was a Madame von Hindenburg, cousin of the Marshal President, and known as a writer. I do not know what became of her. At another table were Robert Breuer, and Stefan Zweig, the famous Austrian writer.

But these people did not give the note of pathos to this last *soirée* of Berlin's literary world in the pre-Hitlerian era. They did not even seem concerned. They jested. They exchanged witticisms as if nothing were happening; as if they did not feel the fatal destiny then being revealed. There were others who gave that festal evening its special character of advancing gloom.

We saw what had not been witnessed for a long time: gentlemen in multicolored uniforms; men in dress coats, their chests glittering with war medals and little coin plaques of patriotic associations. No swastikas, of course, but the silver facings of steel helmets; pale, ferocious faces; the military haircut; and monocles.

"What do you say about it now, Robert?" I asked Breuer in a quiet corner of the reception hall.

"Nothing has changed," he answered. "I don't understand you."

After this dinner, still in my borrowed outfit, I found myself with two of my political friends in a cellar. I was reading reports received from members of my movement. It was clear that the Nazi movement was about to get into power. I heard astounding details of negotiations between von Schleicher and several heads of the Nazi party, including Gregor Strasser, who at this time was ready to enter the government. Von Schleicher himself was on the point of forming a government made up of military men of the Nazi left wing and of labor unions of the Social Democratic party. This would have been a government of socialistic leaning. To understand this idea of von Schleicher's, it must be remembered that the labor unions in Germany had always been on very good terms with the army. I recall what one of the generals of the Imperial army said, just before the great war: "Without the labor unions, we could not have the army as it is. It is the unions that give the German worker his rigorous sense of discipline."

Perhaps it was this feeling that inspired von Schleicher at this period. Gregor Strasser, for his part, much more than Hitler, was the real organizer of the masses that found their way into the Nazi ranks. A pharmacist and chemist by profession, of South Germany, an impeccable personali-

ty, a brilliant orator, he was doubtless superior in many ways to his chief and master.

A Schleicher-Strasser government would assuredly have been a coalition on a large front, uniting almost three-fourths of the German population. It would have brought the Nazi party into a collaboration with sensible and moderate circles.

But the information I received that evening showed me very definitely that no such thing as that would happen. All the world should know the inner history of those days. The Schleicher-Strasser negotiations were wrecked by Adolf Hitler himself. They would have resulted in a share of power for the Nazis, but Adolf Hitler never wants any *share* in anything. He wants *all*. He will always pretend a willingness to compromise. He will even send his best friend to negotiate a compromise and will disclaim this best friend to get more for himself, as soon as the opposing party's position seems weak enough. These are his unalterable tactics and whoever does not take proper account of them will be his victim.

I left for Dresden again and when next I returned to Berlin, Adolf Hitler was supreme. In the meantime, at Dresden, I changed my apartment and was living in the outskirts, at Strehlen, where I did not register with the police. Nevertheless, I was under close observation. My outlaw work became more and more risky and dangerous.

Even meeting with friends who collaborated with me with the utmost devotion required every precaution. Robert Breuer, for example, had finally seen the light, and toiled unceasingly in his party circles, in the hope of bringing the former Social Democratic organization into the outlaw band. He no longer dared to occupy his Berlin apartment at night. Most of the time he slept in the houses of friends, leaving always at five in the morning and then riding for several hours in the underground. At that time, under the law arrests had to be made at the house of the person sought, immediately after dawn. One of my friends from South Germany, who visited me regularly at Dresden, each week found a new method of getting in touch with me that did escape detection. We arranged in advance to meet at various moving-picture houses. In the obscurity, fearing to talk even in whispers, we exchanged little written reports that we read, and later destroyed, with extreme difficulty.

When I gave up politics in 1930, I took with me a young man to act as private secretary from the printing house of the *Deutscher Matern Verlag*, of which I had been editor-in-chief. This youth embodied in a way the generation from which Nazism made its best recruits.

Herbert S—— was a frail person wearing large glasses, and had that flaxen hair characteristic of the natives of the

isles or Friesland. At seventeen he was a volunteer in the German army during the third year of the war. He saw fighting in the Argonne, Ypres and on the Russian front; was gassed; had only one lung; had been confined in an insane asylum. After that, he joined the *Freikorps* in the Baltic and fought against the Bolsheviks. In the *Freikorps* he was made an officer and was sent, in Russian uniform, to recruit volunteers.

He received a second wound when Riga was taken, and for months he lingered in military hospitals. He took an active part in Herr Kapp's *Putsch* of March, 1920. He was in the fore of nationalist conspiracies up to the time that Walther Rathenau was assassinated.

This disgusted him.

After having spent years as one of the newspaper associates of the famous nationalist schemer, Major von Sodenstern at the *Deutsche Zeitung*, he continued at journalism and became—with a sudden swing of his political opinions—secretary to Herr Mygind of the *Berliner Tageblatt*. Herr Mygind was one of the experts in the German news world on matters of the Near East and was one of the ablest secret agents of Germany during the war in Persia and Asia Minor.

When I met Herbert S—— at the *Deutscher Matern Verlag*, he was a reporter for the criminal courts. He struck me by his animated, imaginative style and by a very sincere

manner of fellowship. Along with our professional contacts, we had many political talks. Being younger than I, he grew much attached to me, while holding to his extremely nationalist point of view. I took him to the Côte d'Azur. That was the first time he had been outside of Germany as a private individual. I tried to teach him a little of western ideas, in which he was completely lacking. At Monte Carlo, he became infatuated with a very lovely French woman, wife of a Parisian lawyer, and I had a hard time saving him from suicide. He was a weak fellow who did not feel strong except when he could swear in the lowest language of the trenches.

The rise of the Nazi party to strength made him tremble to the very roots of his being. We must not forget that the youth who joined the *Freikorps* did so partly through the fact that they were mercenaries and partly because of feeling themselves socialists. The German government promised all those people a property share from the rich landowners of the Baltic—as soon as this section was freed from the Bolsheviks. It was a socialist promise. It was Lenin's promise: "Go on; take the land. . . ." As I have pointed out, the young people who went to the Baltic, their hearts filled with the hope of a little farm of their own, came back hating the republic.

Poor Herbert arrived at a rather embarrassing situation. His tradition as a Kappist and former champion of the

Freikorps, his past as one of the severely war-wounded, made him incline toward the Nazi movement. On the other hand, his affection for me bothered him.

"If it were not for you," he said one morning, "I would have taken up with Hitler long ago. Anti-Semitism made them kill Walther Rathenau, a truly great German, and that separated me from my old pals. It is their anti-Semitism that turns them against you. That's what I cannot tolerate."

"Don't put yourself out on my account," I replied. "Join the Nazi party and stay with me just the same. I know that you will always be loyal to me." I said that purposely, and I remember that in this talk I had a feeling of willful cruelty. I wanted to put him to the test.

"I shall stay with you," he said simply, but his eyes were not frank.

From that time I began to watch him closely. I soon verified that he was corresponding with von Sodenstern. His zeal as a co-worker was tireless, but I noticed that inwardly he was being torn more and more and I soon saw that in the end he would return to his former war chums.

Then I said to him: "What do you think the Nazis are going to do from the nationalist point of view when they are in power?"

"They will conquer the world for us," he said without

hesitation. Realizing the impression that this spontaneous remark must make on me, he went on: "Don't be afraid. I reported my situation to Sodenstern. I wrote him that I am working for you and that I am disgusted at the anti-Semitic note in the Nazi agitation. Be reassured. Sodenstern told me that this anti-Semitism is only propaganda and that nothing serious will be done against the Jews when the Nazis are in power."

This was very interesting. They made the same mistake in these nationalist and conservative circles as in the republican groups. They too did not believe that Adolf Hitler was determined to accomplish his program up to the last period. They let themselves be wheedled by his blandness, just as had the party heads of the former government.

"Sodenstern really believes that Hitler will continue to form his government together with his friends of the National People's party?" I asked.

"Of course," Herbert answered. "Everything is arranged, as I understand it. In the main, the Nationalist party will take the lead of things."

I shook my head. "Well, Herbert," I answered, "when you write him, tell him that they must be on their guard. Hitler will fool them as he is going to fool the rest of Germany."

S—— was to be the last German with whom I talked when secretly leaving Germany, but I will come to that a little later.

I was in touch with men who belonged to the Nazi party. As did every good German, I retained at Dresden, even in those days after Hitler came to power, my *Stammtisch*, that is, a table in a beer garden where I went every evening and where I met always the same friends. At this *Stammtisch* was the editor-in-chief of a Dresden publishing firm that had published some of my novels, a well-known attorney whose daughter was married to a personal friend of Hitler's, a higher judge in the court of Dresden, a paper manufacturer who furnished all the paper for the Nazi press in Saxony; and there too was my friend Hans.

Hans was a queer fellow, and a rabid Nazi. He did his military service in the 70th Infantry garrisoned at Sarrebruck, the town where I got my B.A. He knew almost all my family. He was then a captain in the reserves. He was one of the first to join the Nazi party and his member's card had a number lower than 30,000. The first hundred thousand members of the Nazi party are considered the *Alte Kämpfer* (old fighters) and all have received special decorations for services to the party. In addition, on the strength of his military ability and his high education, Hans received the rank of *Obersturmbannführer*, which corresponded to colonel in the army.

"Listen, Fritz," he said to me one evening when we were alone at our beer-garden table. "I am in a position to know that you have not registered with the police."

"Well?" I replied.

"You know that you ought to do it."

"Probably I forgot to register," I said with the frankest air in the world.

He laughed. "I do not know the side of you that forgets."

"Yes—" and I laughed with him. "I forget only the things that are not important."

Suddenly he became serious. "I am in command of the *Sturm* in the section where you live," he said. "I know your address. Perhaps in a few days I shall get an order to arrest you and to stand you against a wall. What would you do if one fine morning I came up with my detachment to hand you over to the squad?"

I knew that he was speaking in all sincerity. "Well, Hans," I said, "we have always been good friends. You must do your duty. At any rate, on the strength of our old friendship I shall probably ask your permission to smoke a last cigarette before you give the order to fire."

"I shall grant it with pleasure," he said, and held out his hand.

On August 5, 1933, at nine o'clock in the evening, the telephone in my apartment rang. I took up the receiver.

At the other end of the wire I heard a voice that seemed familiar. "Is Mr. Cahen there?" When I answered, the voice continued: "I believe the hour for the last cigarette is very near."

The next morning at six o'clock, with my family, I took the train for the Czecho-Slovak border.

CHAPTER V

Go to Czecho-Slovakia! That was easy to say, but not so easy to accomplish. From almost the beginning of the Hitler régime, it was necessary, in addition to a passport, to have a special visa to leave the country. This visa had to be obtained from the local police. It was given only when all other identification papers were in order, and to those not under even slight suspicion. My documents were not in order, and already I was a marked man. I had a passport issued in the spring of 1930, valid until 1935, requested on the occasion of a trip to Rome. I could not now present it to the police in order to get the required visa. I had not registered, and for this omission alone I would have immediately been arrested. The decrees for police registration already were more severe. Besides, I had heard from an old friend of mine, formerly a cavalry officer who had joined the secret police, that complete lists were being compiled of those who, by their past record, might be potential enemies of the régime.

Without doubt, my name was in one of these lists. As I have related, during the spring of 1919, in one of the first publications of the circles that were then forming the nucleus of the Nazi party, a caricature of my features had

depicted me as one of the "new masters." During the National Assembly elections it had been used as a poster on all the walls in Germany. I even had the honor to be quoted as one of the evil agents of the fabulous "Elders of Zion" in *The International Jew*, and that work, after it had been withdrawn from circulation in America, was still popular with the anti-Semitic zealots of the Nazi party. My name also had been mentioned, again as a "special messenger" of the "Elders of Zion" in the famous libel suit directed by the Warburgs against that fanatical and ridiculous man, Theodor Fritsch, who published an anti-Semitic review, *Der Hammer*. All this was sufficient to place my name on the list of suspects and future outlaws. No chance for me to get a visa.

Nevertheless I made my plans, and even promised some of my Berlin friends to help them pass the frontier secretly, if need be. I could not make elaborate preparations at my home. Herbert S—— came to work as usual, every morning and every afternoon. His correspondence with von Sodenstern had increased. In the meantime, from Berlin, I had learned that S—— was collaborating with the special police of the Nazis. Therefore I was well shadowed. I had no doubt but that the good Herbert, even in all sincerity and with the best intentions, was reporting my every movement. Far from terminating my arrangements with him, I had strengthened them, and had often invited him

to spend his evenings with us, hoping to convince him that I suspected nothing.

As my bank account very probably was watched—I had heard of similar cases—I liquidated through friends elsewhere certain valuable objects in order that I might have a supply of cash in readiness. When I left Dresden I had about two thousand marks.

When on the fifth of August I received that mysterious telephone call concerning my last cigarette, S—— was sitting beside me. When I hung up the receiver I poured out a glass of beer and remarked: “Herbert, do you think we’ll have fine weather tomorrow?”

The good Herbert took a sip of beer. “Weather will doubtless be fine,” he said, looking at me through his glasses with bewildered owlish eyes.

“What would you say to a little excursion?” I asked, knowing his reply in advance. He did not like excursions that involved walking. “Oh no,” he said, “I want a quiet week end.”

“You are too lazy to get up early.” My tone was bantering, but carried the idea that I might leave at an early hour.

“Oh no,” he answered, “I shall be up when you leave.” He lived in a small street between my house and the Strehlen station where I intended to take the train for the border.

"At least," I remarked, "you can say 'hello' to me on my way to the station. I'll take the six o'clock train. I'll go as far as Schandau, and if, later in the day, you have changed your mind and intend to join me, you can find me there around four o'clock, at the hotel in front of the station."

When S—— departed, I notified my wife and son to be ready at daybreak. We had more than once spoken of that eventuality, and little preparation was necessary. My books—my only personal possessions that were dear to my heart—had been safely placed in storage when we moved from Hellerau to Strehlen. They still are in a cellar somewhere in Germany, probably half-eaten by rats and mice.

We decided to abandon most of our belongings. I could not refrain from a somewhat cynical gesture. I pinned a large sheet of paper on a suit of clothes left hanging in a closet, bearing these words, "*Für die Winterhilfe*"—an organization known as "Winter Help."

We left at five-thirty in the morning, in hunting clothes. I carried a bag on my back. My son was similarly equipped. Under an arm I had my shotgun. When we passed Herbert's house, he was at a window. "You have decided to come?" I shouted. He hesitated a moment before answering. "Perhaps I shall be at Schandau this afternoon." Then he saw my gun. As he had been in Czechoslovakia with me for months, he knew that I was still a

partner in the Rosendorf game preserves. Momentarily he seemed suspicious. "Are you going to Rosendorf?" he asked. "Oh no," I replied, "it is too far. I shall visit H—— on my way. Perhaps I'll have opportunity to go hunting with him." H—— was a businessman from Dresden who had a small shooting box near Schandau. Often I had been invited there. S—— knew it. It was the only plausible explanation that I could think of and it seemed to satisfy him.

At the station I bought tickets to Schandau. My plan was clear. At Schandau I would buy tickets to Schoena near the frontier. I knew that at the little station the special police officers had the privilege of giving passes to travelers who carried on what was called "the little traffic of the frontier." Equipped with these credentials, they had the privilege of traversing beyond the geographic barrier for a period of forty-eight hours provided they did not move from the frontier a greater distance than twenty-five miles.

In order to obtain a pass of this character, it would be necessary for me to give proper identification. Before Hitler came to power I had crossed the line many times at this particular point on my way to the hunting grounds at Rosendorf. I was well known to several members of the frontier service. Now, as I was dressed for hunting, with my shotgun in hand, I felt that the chance was fair that

not only would it not be necessary to present my passport, the only identification paper that I possessed, but also that I would not be interrogated.

If, however, I found no frontier officer of my acquaintance . . . well, I could easily find that out, for the reason that the inspection bureau was directly opposite the station, with the window opening on the street. If in passing this window I did not see a familiar face, I had only to turn right, follow the road in the direction of Germany, and to cross the frontier a little farther along, by one of the little forest paths that I knew so well, as a result of my previous stay in Czecho-Slovakia.

As the train neared the frontier, I felt completely calm. My wife also kept her *sangfroid*, but my son was in a state of nerves that might prove dangerous. We were alone in the compartment. I sat beside him and grasped his hand tightly until he regained composure.

One other danger confronted us—the two thousand marks that I carried in my pocket. In the “little traffic of the frontier” the rule was that only ten marks per person could be transported. In principle it was forbidden even for the head of the family to carry the funds for his wife and children. The reports that had reached Dresden were that the frontier inspection had become extremely severe and that many persons had been held up and turned back.

We were lucky. The police officer and also the customs

officers recognized me. Fortunately they had not known me as a former member of the peace delegation, one who had mixed openly in politics, and who was an adversary of Hitler. To them I was merely a habitual guest on the hunting grounds near the frontier. A quarter hour after leaving the station at Schoena, we had crossed the river Elbe in a little motorboat. In the exact middle of the stream was the dividing line between Germany and Czecho-Slovakia.

At Herrenskretschen, the little frontier village on the bank of the Elbe, I hired a taxi for the ride to Rosendorf, about five miles up the valley. The little hamlet was to become one of the headquarters of our movement for several years.

We were riding through great forests when I heard a voice calling, and I asked the chauffeur to halt. The voice belonged to a young woman, Gisela Huebel, daughter of the tavern keeper with whom I had always registered at Rosendorf. The hour was between eight and nine in the morning. The trip from Dresden to the frontier had been less than two hours.

"Where are you going this early in the day?" I asked. She explained that she was en route to Schoena, to meet her fiancé, a young lawyer of Meissen, who was arriving for a visit over the week end.

Two hours later when she returned from Schoena, I was

sitting in the little garden in front of the Hotel Huebel. She came toward me and I saw that she was pale and trembling.

"What have you done?" she asked quickly, and in a manner that caused me to rise from my chair.

"Why do you ask that?" I demanded.

"A detachment of forty storm troopers were at the station looking for you. They came from Dresden in the same train with my fiancé. Everyone in the train was thoroughly searched."

"Ah," I breathed, "just two hours in advance. Yes, Gisela, I have departed from Germany, perhaps forever."

The excitement provoked by this declaration in the good family that had known me for a year and a half, never thinking that I was in the thick of the political drama, was extraordinary. Also I was the first refugee they had ever seen.

Rosendorf, although it is near the frontier, is off the main highway. It is not a luxurious watering place, but only a tiny village, surrounded by the forest, and with an agreeable population. It was ideal for anyone who wanted a vacation for rest, not disturbed by those rouged and otherwise decoratively panoplied individuals who take one's appetite from the dining tables of the great spas.

That evening in the tavern restaurant, I was seated with a group of peasants and workmen. All wanted to know

what was happening in Germany. Suddenly a farmer—never shall I forget his name, although I must not mention it now—took a little pamphlet from his pocket and passed it to me.

“Free the German Brothers in the Sudeten” was the title, and on the first page was the swastika emblem.

The problem of the Sudeten was thus presented to me for the first time. The “Henlein” party did not then exist. Konrad Henlein at that moment was an obscure person known chiefly for his activity in gymnastic associations among the Germans in Czecho-Slovakia.

The peasants, naturally, complained of economic conditions, but I have never encountered in any nation of the world a peasant who did not do likewise. I noted a certain acrimony against the Czechs, but only to a slight degree. It appeared that the school children were given weekly lessons in the Czech language, although the remainder of their education was in the hands of German teachers. My companions complained that the young woman at the post office, who came from farther in the interior, did not speak sufficient German. Also the gendarmes along the frontier were scarcely capable of carrying on a conversation with the local population. That was about all. Certain other matters were discussed, such as the report on public works, from which it seemed that purely Czecho-Slovak parties were favored against those

with German leanings. But nothing in any of this gave one the remotest idea of either civil war or of the international crisis in September, 1938.

Much was to be found, however, in the little pamphlet that was in my hand. I read it carefully and at once understood that the outlaw struggle conceived by us in Germany, must be pursued abroad by other means than written propaganda—possibly with the most dangerous weapons.

The pamphlet opened with the inevitable phrase concerning the racial unity of Germans throughout the world, and contained violent accusations against the government at Prague—charges of the suppression of Germans and criminal acts committed at the Peace Conference.

The booklet had no printer's trade mark, no publisher's name. These two omissions, I knew, were against the Czecho-Slovak law, which was precise in matters of this character. I scrutinized the paper. I examined the printer's ink, but it gave no indication of what I sought. But I found something clearer than any printed symbol. It was the employment of the language, the subversive and dangerous phraseology by which this pamphlet was proved as coming from Hitler's party.

This initial piece of German propaganda to be distributed among the foreign minorities fell under my hands on the very day that I had departed from the Reich. I had hoped to escape for a few hours from the hideous

visage of the new barbarism, but I was confronted again with it almost immediately.

Instead of remaining at Rosendorf as I had intended, I departed the following day for Prague. There I engaged two hotel rooms, and immediately after my arrival, about five o'clock in the afternoon, I telephoned an eminent Czecho-Slovak politician, whom I had met several times at Paris and Berlin. I had sent him a note several weeks previously through one of our messengers, a Berlin student, who for other reasons was making a trip to Czecho-Slovakia. At that time I had notified the man that perhaps I might have to seek shelter in his country.

He received me immediately at one of the official buildings. This for me was not altogether pleasant. The very atmosphere of a government office forced me to speak with more restraint than I intended.

After exchanging conventionalities, we at once began a discussion of the international situation. His opening remark was a bit disturbing.

"Well, what have you to propose?" he asked. "Do you hold the same ideas as the other political refugees who are here? It seems that they all would like to see us in war against Germany."

"Nothing in my mind corresponds to that," I replied. "I believe that the old Allied states still associated by the present application of their Versailles Treaty, are largely

responsible for the actual state of affairs inside Germany. Any appeal that they remedy the situation is useless. It is up to us Germans to do it."

My acquaintance remained quiet for a moment and then said: "It is revolution that you want?"

"Frankly, yes," I answered.

"And, evidently, the social revolution?"

"Not in the least," I replied. "What Germany needs is a political revolution."

"I am afraid it will never succeed," he said. "A revolution in Germany can come only from the socialist movement."

"That's where you are completely mistaken," I insisted. "The socialist movement has lost all its attraction in Germany—also, I am afraid, throughout the entire world. When one reviews the last fourteen years and the little accomplished by the socialists with all their enormous opportunities to make Germany a flourishing state, when one sees how Nazism got the upper hand, it gives one a shock. I believe the German masses have felt that shock and their confidence in the old parties has considerably diminished."

The remainder of the conversation was unimportant. I already knew that from this quarter no support would come for the kind of movement that I represented. We

separated on good terms, and remained in continual contact during the years that I lived at Prague.

Several days after my arrival I found a suitable small apartment. To find it I had to search the entire town, and thus received my first impressions of this charming capital of Central Europe, where for some years I made my permanent headquarters. The Jesuit baroque of the churches fascinated me. The old gothic streets around Hradschin delighted me. The big, green, spacious parks gave one the feeling of perfect health. The active life showed a people in progress. There, almost facing my apartment, I saw for the first time a real skyscraper, the twenty-four-storey building of the Employees' Saving Bank.

A member of my party, whose name I cannot divulge, was already at Prague, and I immediately got in touch with him. His communications with the party had been limited to messages brought by a few travelers between Prague and Dresden and delivered to me.

A few days later, through one of these men, I received a card from Robert Breuer informing me that his stay at Berlin must soon end; the secret police had arrested several Social Democrats with whom he collaborated, among them old Karl Hildebrand, ex-minister of Württemberg. Through an unfortunate incident, an important nest for clandestine propaganda seemed about to be destroyed.

The son of one of the party members, a youngster of eight, playing in the street with his chums, had pointed to a passing Nazi in uniform, and cried: "That won't last long. Soon Daddy will be again in power. He and his friends are already working for it."

One of the other children repeated this interesting news to his family, and soon half the block had heard of it. The secret police investigated and about a dozen men were arrested.

These details I learned later. What Breuer asked in his note was my help to get across the frontier, and how to go about it. I immediately answered by the same messenger, indicating a path through the Grosser Winterberg, near Herrenskretschen. I also said that I would meet him in the forest and lead him to safe territory. I gave a non-suspect address at Prague where he could advise me of the day of his departure.

My aid was not needed. Four days after the messenger departed, Breuer knocked at my door. The secret service of his own party had in the meantime indicated another road. He crossed the border on the plateau of Zinnwald, in the Erzgebirge—it later became one of the favorite routes for clandestine journeys of political couriers. The Zinnwald, the Grosser Winterberg and many other places that I will mention later, became German territory by the occupation of the Sudeten, and none of our friends will ever

again be able to use the smugglers' hidden paths to cross a frontier that no longer exists. As a matter of fact, beginning in the middle of 1935, the entire border, near Zinnwald, was patrolled by special detachments of the Elite Guards, provided with dozens of police dogs. Later, regular guerrilla warfare was carried on between the outlaws and the German police.

Through Breuer I was able to learn much. He was extremely pessimistic. He told me that the different illegal groups of Social Democrats were establishing an information service throughout Germany and that they were distributing clandestine pamphlets, but that the percentage of arrests was enormous.

"How could it be otherwise?" he said. "The party has never been organized for clandestine work. All our officials are known to the police. Each one is closely watched and put in jail the moment he begins to move. Millions of men will readily accept our propaganda. But how to get at them without exposing our own people? The Nazis are becoming more and more powerful. Every day, new posts in the government, in all branches of public life and even in private life, are being taken over."

"And the heads of your party?" I asked. "What do they think of the situation? What is their reaction?"

He made a gesture of discouragement. "They live in a world of illusions," he said. "They believe that the régime

will soon fall of itself, and that a golden chariot will be provided for their entrance into Berlin."

"And what might they think of collaboration with other groups of the Opposition?"

He lifted his shoulders. "Naturally they are not inclined to that. And naturally we cannot work with the Communists, who wanted a united proletarian front when it was too late, and after they had done their best, in constantly attacking us, to help the Nazis to power. The bourgeoisie! Well, Fritz, they are completely hypnotized by Herr Hitler, and it will be a long time before they awaken."

In that he was mistaken, but I said nothing.

"Will you remain long at Prague?" I asked.

He had no such intention. He had a brother in Paris, a jeweler, rather well off. He would find him. He would start a new life.

"Is it then resignation?" I asked.

"Resignation or no resignation, I must wait and see. After all, I am a writer—a newspaperman. I can be useful by writing in French newspapers."

I knew better than he what would happen. Breuer was nearly fifteen years older than I. It would be resignation, interrupted by short spells of intense activity. He would always remain my good friend, but gradually he would disappear from the political picture.

In the following years, my contacts with him continued. A few weeks after he left Prague, he started a press bureau in Paris to which I contributed a few articles, but it died after a few months of difficult existence. Next I received a few pages of an autobiographic novel, but it was never completed. Later, he wrote of plans for a series of political publications. They never appeared. From time to time I had letters telling me his views on international questions. Every letter was interesting and showed his wide experience, but none of them indicated any sign of real activity. When the German Popular Front was formed in Paris, the foundation appeal bore the signature of Robert Breuer. Soon he resigned, then returned to it, then abandoned it again. He will always remain for me the most perfect example of excellent German writers who, in their youth, were attracted by socialist ideals, and who later, worn out completely in the daily political struggle, became cynical, melancholy, always believing and at the same time doubting—as if tears could change the march of time.

Along with my duties for the movement arose another embarrassing question, that of feeding my family and myself. The Social Democratic party had been able to take out of Germany millions of marks from the party funds. Heads of the party received substantial salaries—as in the past—and paid each secretary of their organization. What was more surprising, they even managed to distribute

money to ex-officials who had become political outlaws.

With the Vanguard, no such thing as a party treasury existed. We had taken in some small funds during the first year of our work, but no one was paid who had a voice in the movement. Such funds as we had were used for messengers' trips, and other expenses were strictly limited. Letters and messages from friends informed me that it was becoming more and more difficult to collect necessary funds inside Germany. I refused the idea of collecting monthly subscriptions from the ordinary members of the movement, who already were contributing generously by exposing their liberty and even their lives.

On the other hand, the movement was condemned to extinction if necessary funds were not found to carry on the work.

That was another of my tasks—to find a way.

Concerning my personal expenses I soon found at least a temporary solution. It was not an entirely agreeable one, nor fully sufficient, but it would do.

With increasing censorship in Germany, reports from foreign correspondents in Berlin were becoming more and more uniform. Nevertheless, by reading newspapers not only in German and French, but also those in Dutch and Scandinavian dialects, I soon found that one detail or another had escaped censorship and that these, when put together, gave a rather interesting picture of events in

Germany. I began to work on this and found that two Viennese newspapers were interested. Soon I installed a special news service for them, that enabled me to support my family and myself. My personal information I used as cautiously as possible.

But this was not a solution for the more important problem of financing the work that had to be carried on for the movement.

One evening in December, 1933, I was invited to the house of an old Berlin friend, an art historian. He was working at Prague on a book relating to Czecho-Slovak baroque. After dinner in the group where I was sitting the dominating personage was an old gentleman with a long pointed nose and white hair. He had been introduced to me as Mr. B——. We were speaking of wartime and I was relating a spy episode, when suddenly he said: "You talk in a very fascinating way—you should be able to write film scenarios."

"Why not? Are you connected with moving pictures?"

It turned out that the old gentleman had been a film producer in Berlin. He had sought refuge in Czecho-Slovakia, after a life full of adventures. Born in Czecho-Slovakia, near the German border, in a family of fourteen children of which he was the youngest, he ran away to sea at the age of fourteen, to be a cabin boy on a ship for America. He had lived fifteen years in America, and had

been a bit of everything: barman, tramp, salesman for Japanese silk nightgowns, owner of a beer garden. He had returned home just before the war and was forced to join the Austrian army. He fought on practically all fronts, and at the end of the war had acquired quite a fortune liquidating Austrian army stocks in Czechoslovakia. Then he had gone to Berlin and became a film producer, losing his money as fast as he had made it. At the time of our meeting, he had opened a small office with a view to producing films.

He inspired my confidence. He was no doubt an adventurer, but a good fellow. I told him I was ready to become the prospective author of a prospective film. There was, perhaps, the chance to make a substantial amount of money that would serve our movement.

During the following weeks I heard nothing from Mr. B—. But I heard much from my landlord. The two Viennese newspapers suddenly lost interest in my services. The two thousand marks I had taken with me from Germany had been long ago spent, largely for our courier service.

January, 1934, found me in an apartment with unpaid rent. The splendid view of a beautiful church from my windows was not a consolation. Our two rooms were not heated, and for days we had scarcely anything to eat—except when my son was able to sell a drawing to an ad-

vertising agency. It was at the end of January when Mr. B—— called.

“Come,” said he, “I think I’ve got the funds for the film, but it won’t be easy. I would like to make a picture in the setting of one of the big Czecho-Slovak amusement places. Perhaps one of these might consider it good advertising and would give free board and food to the troupe for a few weeks. The rest I can manage on credit.”

My brain immediately began to work swiftly. Mr. B——’s further remarks indicated that many scenes would be mostly “outsides.” This meant snow. Snow, therefore, meant mountains. Mountains meant the German border. This meant a fine opportunity for my outlaw activity. The border could easily be crossed on skis.

“The Riesengebirge would do very well,” I said convincingly.

“Do you know the place?”

“Of course,” I answered without hesitation, although I never had been there.

He danced for joy. “Then we are saved,” he cried. “For all the roles, I have refugee actors who will work without salary, but with a bonus on the coming profits of the film. The same for the cameramen. I can get the celluloid on credit. When the first thousand yards is turned I can exhibit to theater owners at Prague, and they will advance money with which we can rent a studio for the remainder.”

The program was accomplished.

I cannot remember all the details, the political intrigue by which we managed to persuade the municipal committee of that small place called Johannisbad to put a small hotel at our disposition for thirty days with free meals and lodging for thirty persons. The main condition was that the film would show the most beautiful sites of the place, and that its name would be mentioned at least five times.

I immediately got hold of two experienced scenario writers, and after a week we finished a musical comedy, with the title "A Kiss in the Snow." The film was probably one of the few ever produced with so little professional talent. Nevertheless, it had quite a success, thanks to the splendid music by a young Hungarian composer, Giulay. He, too, was a refugee from Berlin, who a year later died of pneumonia contracted in his native Carpathian mountains.

These weeks at Johannisbad were filled with colorful adventures. The small crowded hotel soon became the center of amorous intrigues, of professional jealousies, among people rendered more nervous by their exceptional condition as refugees and non-paid workers. Every day something was missing. No one had the required costume. We had a roof over our head and three meals a day, but nothing for cigarettes. Besides, from the first day I had to face hostility from practically everybody there. As I had

other interests than those of turning out a film, I kept to myself. This immediately convinced the others I was "stuck up," that I disliked actors, and thought myself superior. I had reserved a special room for myself. This room had two beds. The other double rooms were occupied by two persons of the troupe. Mine was for myself alone.

I had chosen that room for a special reason. The small hotel was at the foot of a snow-covered hill. It was easy to enter my room by one of the windows opening directly on the hill. It was from this hill, during the night, that my friends from Germany would arrive on skis. During the weeks that we spent at Johannisbad, a dozen of my co-conspirators from the other side of the border visited me. Rumors of all kinds spread among the troupe, especially when it became known that on certain nights not only was the second bed occupied, but that whispers were heard from my room.

"We are here because he knows the place," explained one of the actresses, who had been star of a Berlin theater. "*Cherchez la femme*. A man of that type must love the peasant girls of this country."

I let them talk, and did not even smile. I had little cause for mirth from the news that I received during these exciting nights. It was there, in that small frontier hamlet, in the peace of a valley surrounded by splendid mountains

covered with snow, that I got the first news of German rearmament. One of my "visitors," an ex-officer who during the war had been an ace of the German secret service, said to me: "They are preparing to make an attack. I fear that three years from now we'll all have to fight once more, unless they are exterminated before that."

A few weeks later, production of the film being well advanced, I received a substantial amount of money, and felt indeed fortunate that things had turned out so well. When the work was complete I returned to Prague.

CHAPTER VI

FOR several reasons, Prague had become a center of German political emigration. It was only natural that Hitler's secret police would concentrate attention on what was happening there.

It was not only the headquarters for the old Social Democratic party, but also for the illegal activities of the Communists. It was the refuge of Dr. Otto Strasser, formerly Hitler's intimate collaborator, who had quit the Nazi party under protest in 1930. He was the brother of Gregor Strasser whom I have mentioned previously.

Moreover, there was a complete constellation of other small bodies: the Trotskyists, the Socialist Labor party, and many other groups. Besides Hitler's espionage, each group spied upon the others. Espionage, mutual sabotage, expulsion of members—that was what they understood by “unity.” It became a real danger to the couriers. A courier non-suspect and reliable was, for each group, a real treasure. Much effort was spent luring couriers away from other groups, forcing them to work under the threat of denouncing them to the local police.

All these organizations, according to their size, had in-

stalled offices not only at Prague but in other European capitals. They also had observation and liaison frontier posts. As all were continuations of organizations that had existed in the pre-Hitlerian Germany, they had in their service many ex-members, living abroad. None of these groups had been spared by the Nazi persecutions.

This great quantity of human material was both an advantage and a grave danger. The advantage was that these old adherents were likely to be useful collaborators. The danger was that most of them did not have enough to live on, and once they had registered as political refugees, been identified as such by the local police, and enlisted in such or such a group, this group mostly had to support them.

In order to economize, most of these men were quartered in centers where all groups were mixed. Of course this condition not only increased frictions but also possibilities of intrigue. It happened, for example, that in the center installed at the Letna at Prague, which was considered to be that of the Social Democrats, one lone Communist who had managed to get in provoked a complete upheaval, and turned away dozens of persons from their old parties. This was discovered only after a clique of these minor conspirators had done considerable damage throughout the Social Democratic organization.

Where I was concerned, the situation was totally different. Our group had then few refugees, because we had

never worked in Germany in the full light of day and we never had formed a "visible" political party. Just the same, I got some of them to register with other committees. They had strict orders never to speak of what they had done in Germany, and I took utmost precautions when meeting them.

However, the longer I remained at Prague the more difficult it became for me to make others believe that I had kept no contact with friends inside Germany. Among the hundreds of intellectual refugees in the Czecho-Slovak capital, some knew me too well to swallow the idea that I had given up all political activities and that I had become a harmless author of bad movie scenarios.

More and more, the fight between the different groups took strange forms. Fear of the German secret police was slowly beginning to be a grotesque nightmare. Most of the groups excelled in denouncing members of other groups as being Hitler agents. Communists, who in the past had described Social Democrats as "Social Fascists," and for whom a bourgeois politician was Fascist just because his morning prayers were not those of the Marxist catechism, followed the same system, meanwhile spreading the propaganda of collaboration "of all oppositional forces." This beautiful expression had but one fault—in the Communist mind, it meant the unconditional capitulation of all potential members in face of the Third International's orders.

Under these circumstances, I was anxious to find more peaceful quarters, at least for a short time, where I could work under less danger and with fewer precautions. Toward the end of March, 1934, I made an arrangement with the Prague newspaper *Pravo Lidu* for a trip as correspondent through the Baltic and Scandinavian countries, where I knew that some of my old friends had found refuge and where also were many of my wartime friends, when I was member of the Copenhagen German Legation. I wanted to see them, and I also needed a reason for unrestrained travel.

It was, of course, impossible for me to cross Germany, and I was forced to make a long trip around eastern Europe. There, in the Baltic states, I had a few political friends, as a result of the fact that for a period during the war I had been intermediary between a Baltic delegation, mostly Esthonians, and the German government. The former, in view of rumors that Germany intended to create a Baltic kingdom under the rule of a German prince, had come to Copenhagen to protest and demand the liberty of the Baltic nations—a claim that I had then supported against the ideas of General Ludendorff and the German General Staff. I had these people in mind when I decided to survey the situation in that part of the world.

During that trip, a small incident occurred that might have been disastrous. As it was early in the year, the Fin-

land bay was generously covered with ice. Boats between Tallinn, capital of Esthonia, and Helsingfors in Finland, were running irregularly, and when I arrived in the Esthonian capital, on a Friday, I was informed that no boat would sail until the next Monday.

When arriving at the harbor on Monday I saw my boat flying a German flag. I inquired when I could take the next boat and what might be its nationality. Further delay of three days would be necessary to catch a Finnish boat. I did not wish to lose time and somewhat imprudently sailed on the German vessel.

I still had a German passport bearing my correct name, and I knew that, once out of the three-mile zone from the Esthonian coast, and until entering the Finnish three-mile zone, I would be legally on German territory, and that the captain would have the right to arrest me. This he would undoubtedly do if he happened to possess the list of suspects and outcasts distributed by the German secret police to all frontier authorities.

Somewhat anxious, I remained on deck, leaning against the rail and looking across the half-frozen sea. I heard steps behind me, turned my head and saw a man wearing a black derby hat and thick-soled shoes, the historic accoutrement of the plain-clothes policeman. His face seemed familiar. He walked back and forth for some time, then suddenly addressed me, saluting at the same time. "Don't

we know each other?" he asked. At once I recognized him. He was no less than a special commissioner of the Berlin detective bureau who, during the war, had charge of the passport service at Warnemuende, on the border between Germany and Denmark, where I crossed frequently. But then I was a staff member of the German Legation at Copenhagen, with an official diplomatic passport.

He could not be mistaken as to my identity. All depended on how much he knew of my present activities. If he knew nothing, it was my interest to avoid a long conversation.

I assumed a haughty air, saluting him lightly, and said, "Of course, Commissioner, I remember you very well, but I believe that it would be in the interest of the service that we ignore each other."

For a second, he looked at me, bewildered, then clicked his heels, and disappeared. I arrived in Finland without disturbance.

From Finland I went to Stockholm, and then to Copenhagen. Soon after my arrival I met Philipp Scheidemann, the former Chancellor of Germany, but now a destitute and desolate refugee. I had met him for the first time in exile at Zbraslav, near Prague, in 1933. He was then living with a collection of Social Democratic refugees, in an old hotel put at the disposal of a charity organization. Its proprietor was a Czecho-Slovak Socialist, who

during the World War had rendered important service to the American secret service, and who from the beginning of the Hitler régime had shown a magnificent spirit of kindness toward German political exiles.

Scheidemann lived now at Copenhagen on a small income supplied by Danish friends. One of his daughters and his son-in-law, who had been held as hostages by the Nazis at Berlin, had committed suicide. I found him an old man, broken by the storms of political life, but with his old pride still in his heart. From time to time I saw him afterward sitting on a bench in the sun, on the famous promenade at the entrance of the Copenhagen harbor, looking longingly toward the south—the direction of Germany. My heart was sad and I recalled the day when, at the peak of his power as Chancellor of the new German Republic, faithful to the word I had carried to him from Versailles, he had raised his right hand, haranguing the masses: "This hand must wither if it ever signs this treaty without honor." He kept his word. He preferred resignation to signing. Exile was Nazi Germany's mark of gratitude.

The situation in Scandinavia seemed to be favorable to my purposes, and four weeks later, I was installed again in Sweden, together with my family. I found, on a small island of the "Schaeren," near Stockholm, in an idyllic location, one of those Swedish huts made of wood trunks, painted bright red and with green shutters. No one could

have guessed that the numerous visits received by the Czecho-Slovakian journalist were mostly from German outlaws who came secretly to see him.

Before I found this tiny island, a rather embarrassing incident occurred. In the role of a Prague correspondent, I had taken a room at the Pension Dehn, on the Maelar. As the Swedish press craves interviews, the newspapers had established a special service informing them of the arrival of visitors.

I was in my room when Sven Auren of the *Aftonbladet* announced himself—the same Sven Auren who, only a few months ago, had a sensational interview with the famous anti-Semitic German, Julius Streicher. He had come to interview me. I told him that I was correspondent for the *Pravo Lidu*.

“And is that all that you will do?” he asked.

For a moment I lost my usual calm. I did something that later made me laugh and which had unforeseen consequences.

“No,” I replied. “You know that the Swedes, during the ‘Thirty Years’ War, played a very important role in Czecho-Slovakia. I am preparing a scenario of a historic film to be called *Swedes at Prague*, and I must make researches in the archives at Stockholm.”

The *Aftonbladet* published the interview under a flattering headline for the Czecho-Slovakian writer and his

work. So the work had to be done, and my researches among the archives, which I pursued with untiring zeal, were the best cover I could have had during my stay at Stockholm. And the press clipping had a later use.

Shortly after this I organized at Stockholm a small office, if "office" is not a too pretentious word for a room furnished for one trusty man, with a few outside collaborators. This formed a sort of "letter box" not only for news arriving from Germany but for orders and propaganda material that I wanted delivered in Germany.

For the same purpose, I went again to Copenhagen. There I had an exciting experience. My friends in Germany had sent on from Berlin a high official of the Imperial administration who, despite the Nazi régime, was still in office—and still is. Thanks to special travel facilities, he brought a bag of official documents from different branches of the administration. These, for the first time (early in 1934) gave me a real idea of the extensive propaganda system developed by Nazis all over the world.

In my hotel room I took photostats of some of the documents. They showed that Nazi propaganda pamphlets were printed in Berlin, in many languages, and that copies were sent to German diplomatic missions in all countries of the world, for free distribution.

Another thing interested me in particular. It was a secret order from the Berlin Foreign Office, sent to all dip-

lomatic missions. It contained these words: "In case of danger, Nazi local organizations [then being formed in all big cities abroad] have the right to hide embarrassing papers with diplomatic missions, and to claim for them the same extra-territorial protection as that given to official government correspondence."

This proved to me that the antagonism always existing between the Foreign Office and the Nazi authorities charged with directing propaganda abroad, had been settled in favor of the latter. If, previously, it had been possible to believe, with all customary reserves, in the good faith of the German diplomatic missions, from that moment it was impossible. Nazi dictatorship was beginning to spread over Germany's representatives abroad.

Here I must be a bit technical. Politics of an Opposition—especially for one that has been the object of uninterrupted and atrocious persecution—cannot live up to its needs by simple agitation inside the country. This is especially true for an Opposition, the leaders of which are exiled. Every time in history that an Opposition has met with some success, its inside work has been supplemented by a foreign policy. In many cases such Oppositions turned out only to be political instruments for other states and certain business groups. For us, it was completely out of the question to depend on foreign groups or foreign powers. On the other hand, it was absolutely necessary to establish a for-

eign policy for the movement. This demanded making proper contacts with influential circles of other nations.

I explained the situation to my Berlin visitor, and told him frankly that I intended that some of the documents brought by him, be communicated by different channels to certain foreign powers interested in the German problem, and apparently menaced by intrigues and propaganda which these documents revealed.

My remark had the effect of a thunderbolt. "But it is impossible," he cried. "It is high treason."

"There are moments when high treason becomes my first national duty," I replied. "You cannot make a revolution by simply going into the woods and picking lilies of the valley."

And I continued explaining to him that the Hitlerian policy, to judge it from his documents, would, in a very short time, result in the most powerful coalition that ever existed being formed against Germany, even more powerful than that we had to face during the World War.

"Where will all this lead us?" I continued. "You, who have a key position in the German administration, should know better than I that Germany lacks raw material—that she has no money—that the public morale is undermined—and that she cannot wage a long war.

"It is, therefore, a sure defeat for her. Versailles—that was awful, but I am certain that the next Versailles would

leave nothing of Germany. That's why we must prevent war, and we can prevent war only by enlightening other powers. We must show them the danger—documents in hand. If we fail to do that, if a Hitlerian war takes them unawares, if they are not prepared and Nazism wins, what will happen to you, to me, to all our friends and to our common ideals? It will be the return of Europe to complete barbarism. It will be, perhaps, for a short period the German domination of the world, followed by a crash worse than any defeat in war. The German population can perhaps be terrorized—for a certain time; but never those who have been educated in the tradition of liberty. Therefore, a German victory would be the beginning of a long era of local revolutions in various countries that would throw Europe back to the Dark Ages, to a state of nihilism and complete disorganization such as at the end of the Thirty Years' War."

Our discussion continued for hours—but I won. It was agreed, from that moment, that I was free to make use of every scrap of information brought to me from Germany, in order to enlighten whomever I thought needed it, and in such a measure as I thought would not endanger the members of the movement inside of Germany, or the national cause to the degree that it was part of our program.

From Copenhagen I continued my way to London. I was on the boat, between Esbjerg and Harwich, when the

ship's wireless operator told us of the assassination of Chancellor Dollfuss in Vienna, on July 25, 1934. I met some difficulties on entering England that were most unpleasant, inasmuch as I had an appointment in London with friends from Switzerland and Paris. I still traveled with a German passport, and evidently the emigration officer at Harwich saw immediately that he had to do with a refugee. He asked me if I were a Communist. This I could deny with a clear conscience. He asked me why I had left Germany, and I answered: "Because I could not live there any more."

"Does it mean that you cannot earn your living there?" he asked.

"Probably that is what would have happened," I replied. "And besides that, the moral pressure was too great."

He did not look too pleased, and I produced my press card of the *Pravo Lidu*, adding that I wished to stay only a week or so to write about the moving-picture industry in England. At the same time I showed him a clipping of the interview concerning the film, *Swedes at Prague*. This, plus the fact that I had something like one hundred pounds sterling in my pocket, reassured him. He let me pass, but not without asking me to register immediately with the "office for foreigners" at Bow Street. There an identity card was given to me, that was of great assistance on later trips into England.

It was during this first trip that I succeeded in establishing another of our "letter boxes," and to form in England a small local group, through the good offices of my friends from Paris and Switzerland.

The question that preoccupied my mind, after my return to Stockholm, early in August, 1934, was how we could best use, for the benefit of our foreign relations, the information now arriving from all sides and on a much larger scale than before. I soon realized that even the best information could have but a minimum influence because of the manner in which I was forced to present it.

In spite of my political past, in spite of the fact that I was a rather well-known journalist, in spite of the obvious quality of my information, I still remained a private individual, even though I may have been more or less interesting to the persons with whom I came in contact.

I could not say much about our movement at that time. Its activities until then were strictly limited to the interior of Germany and I had only begun to establish definite contacts abroad. Secret services of certain foreign powers whose curiosity had arisen and whose interest had sharpened from the moment they understood the sort of information that I possessed, brought another difficulty that I had to surmount. It was absolutely impossible to divulge any important names connected with our movement to those who

dealt professionally with such matters as we had in hand.

The intelligence service of any European country cannot concern itself with anything except its own ends. Our aim was a German revolution. Their aim was entirely different. It was to get information as detailed and documented as possible, with no consideration for the personal affairs of the one who supplied it. The intelligence service, especially military intelligence, is usually directed by army officers. Although its work is not war, it is evidently preparation for war, and one man's life does not count much when that man has not accomplished what is asked of him. It counts not at all if the uselessness of that man is discovered. Where we were concerned we had no need for such details as those in which the military intelligence services were interested, nor for their kind of documentation. For us, all that sufficed was to know where the information came from—we did not need all kinds of evidence to prove it correct.

Once a source of information was made known to a military intelligence bureau, it was entirely possible they would get after the man, and if necessary force him to do more than he could or would be willing to do. I do not make these remarks in order to accuse the intelligence services. They have their task to accomplish, as everyone else. In battle, the means always have a definite inner connection with the aim.

I was considering whether some means existed of giving more weight to our information and to give it a sort of semi-official character. Only one way was possible: this was the forming of a coalition of several German opposition groups, and the open establishment of a "governmental" organization. Here was a definite task, and one that needed to be undertaken at once. Nazi agitation was increasing, at Danzig, in Austria, and other places beyond the German frontier. If a collaboration of the anti-Nazi circles in these places was possible, if also it was possible to hold them firmly together against the Nazis, then we might find a temporary fortress for our "Real German Government" that might be established in the form of a regional government, empowered to dispose of its own territory.

This common front, as I conceived it, must have the widest political complexion, going from left to right, but with the absolute exclusion of Communists. My reason for this was essentially a practical one. Not taking into consideration the existing ideological differences between Communists and the rest of the Opposition, not taking into consideration the fact that a dictatorship of cliques and castes could not be fought by associating with individuals who wanted a dictatorship of one class, that is to say those who wanted to replace one dictatorship with another, it was absolutely certain that all of the bourgeoisie who were inclined to quit Hitlerism would automatically be

pushed back in the arms of the Nazi party from the very moment Communists appeared as partners in a coalition.

Consequently, I began then to think constantly of Dr. Otto Strasser.

A meeting with this brilliant man had been suggested before I left Prague for Scandinavia, early in 1934. I had refused. His brother, Gregor, in spite of the divergence of opinion between Hitler and himself, was still an active member of the Nazi party at Berlin. Dr. Otto Strasser himself, in spite of the complete separation from his old chief and friend, was still for me an ex-Nazi. In a certain way and certain measure he appeared to me as the National Socialist Trotsky, the man who pretends to be the guardian of the pure tradition of a political theory, as opposed to routine politicians who, by daily compromises, are prepared to sacrifice its sacred source. Now this Nazi ideology, in the form that it had already taken under Hitler, regardless of Strasser's accusations of compromises and treason, had, in my opinion, a countenance already sufficiently repulsive, and I asked myself, with anxiety, what might the real picture be, if the "purist" Dr. Otto Strasser might take National Socialism in his immaculate hands.

But then an event of extreme importance took place—the wave of assassinations on June 30, 1934, in Germany. Among the victims of that blood-bath was not only Gregor Strasser, Otto's brother, but also General von Schleicher,

Gregor's most important collaborator at the time when the formation of a coalition government was attempted in January, 1933.

I knew from other sources that the two brothers had been deeply attached to each other, even when divergences in political viewpoints had lessened their personal contacts. And I felt that unless Dr. Otto Strasser was a completely impossible person he would now be the mortal enemy of his brother's murderers.

Something else occurred to me. Otto Strasser's friends in Germany would certainly be found in the National Socialist party. Many of my friends belonged to groups that would be exterminated in case of grave events. Otto Strasser's friends would be the executioners. In a revolution, one cannot have only those who are the targets for slaughter but also those whose orders are to fire.

Finally, I was induced to seek contact with Strasser during my visit to Prague in August, 1934. I met him in a coffee house. We both had witnesses. I arrived with a trusted friend, he with a young man called Mahr, who later was found to be an agent of the German secret police, charged to carry out Dr. Strasser's assassination. But this belongs to a later chapter.

The Strassers belonged to a small Bavarian bourgeois family. Gregor had been a chemist and pharmacist. Otto was an economist by profession. He served in the war as

an officer in a Bavarian regiment. Shortly afterward, he joined the Social Democratic party and became editor of their *Parliamentary Service*, an agency of press relations. Next he was appointed to a small post in the Ministry of Public Economy from which he resigned some time later to join the Nazi movement. He soon became one of the most influential members of the party. He organized the Berlin district and just before the break with Hitler in June, 1930, the Fuehrer offered him the position later occupied by Goebbels.

Otto Strasser, with whom I later had many conferences, was so natural and free from affectation that often his language was almost too violent even for old soldiers. His crude Bavarian dialect made the air crackle. Often, however, his expressions were rich and colorful. His ideas sometimes were vague and frequently bizarre. For example, he would take up the subject of men's clothing, as designed by himself, and describe at length how he had attended a Berlin Opera Gala in new "swallow tails" of the Strasser model, which called for knickerbockers. He seemed more pleased with these than with his political record.

Until the end of 1936, when he underwent a serious appendicitis operation, he enjoyed life to its fullest. He was a heavy drinker and voracious eater. He had superb health, and possessed a will to dominate. He was a born intriguer,

but he was really more a demagogue than a politician or a statesman.

At our initial interview I wanted to discover the exact degree to which Otto Strasser adhered to the totalitarian doctrine, that is to say whether he would insist that his "Black Front" movement—the name given to the Nazi dissidents at that time—take the leadership in the future Germany, following the example of the Hitlerian party, or whether he would accept a coalition of different forces and be satisfied with only a share of power.

During our first interview he was very vague on this point and left all doors open. He declared himself ready to participate in a united front of the different groups of the Opposition, but when I pressed him to state precisely his future program, he was evasive. "It would not depend on us," he said. "One cannot prophesy so far ahead."

When I pressed him further, it appeared that he believed a revolt of the radical wing of the Nazi party eventually would bring with it an invitation for him to take Hitler's place as chief. This, of course, was pure fantasy.

Later, Dr. Strasser's ideas changed on this point. But at that time his knowledge of the customs, habits, traditions of the West had only begun.

The second question I had in mind was what would be the eventual attitude of his organization in case of war.

His ideas on that were very definite. His connection with

certain groups of army officers led him to believe that the next German war would take place only when German diplomacy had destroyed the system of French alliances in the East. Then Germany would attack France. The plan of the Nazi chiefs—especially Goering—was to crush France by air superiority, and also England, if the latter allied herself with the French. On that point Dr. Strasser explained that a great divergence of views existed between the Nazi party heads and the General Staff, the latter sticking to the old doctrine that war in the West could only be won on the ground, and that the Maginot line would prevent a German victory before the national stocks of raw material were exhausted. The truth of the Staff theory—according to Dr. Strasser—would appear only after the first months of war. Then a revolt of the army against Hitler would take place, and the troops would be diverted to the East, to regain the Corridor from Poland. With Hitler out of the picture, the time would be opportune to make peace with the West, at the expense of Poland. In this way the army could keep its prestige with the people, and the new régime would not be saddled, as the republic had been, with the legacy of defeat.

This point of view had some logic, but I doubted whether, if Hitler started a war against the western powers and the German army was unable to win on the western front, the democracies would then be willing to accept a

German victory in the East in exchange for peace. However, without directly objecting to Dr. Strasser's formula, I asked him the following question: "Do you think, in case of war, that we should cease to fight against Hitler, because we might fatally injure Germany's chances?"

He thought it over a moment and answered clearly: "Even in case of war our fight against Hitler should be pursued."

His answer corresponded exactly with my own ideas, and satisfied me for the time being.

Summing up the results of that first meeting, it seemed to me that Strasser, at least temporarily, would support my efforts toward a unification of the Opposition on a broad front and also, contrary to my expectations, he would not turn nationalist, but would continue the fight against the Hitlerian régime, even in case of war. As for the future, the possibility of the totalitarian idea did not bother me much. In a certain measure he was right when he said: "It does not depend on us." In any case, it would not depend on him alone, not so long as our united forces were powerful enough to prevent totalitarianism under new auspices—even the Strasserian auspices.

With this information, I returned to Scandinavia. This time I did not travel through Poland and the Baltic countries. Friends helped me to obtain a transit visa for France, which usually is difficult for a refugee, because so many

have taken advantage of such visas and remained permanently on French soil. I therefore went by way of Austria and Switzerland, and continued on to Paris.

In Zurich and Vienna I met friends, and took opportunity to establish new "letter boxes" and to form small centers of our movement. For our leader in Austria I chose a distinguished German of one of the parties of the right, whose name cannot be divulged because he still takes an active role in European politics.

In Paris, I continued my labors for the formation of a united Opposition front. I had been informed that the Social Democrats at Prague always preferred splendid isolation to any form of formal collaboration. Paris, on the contrary, contained a group of ex-Social Democratic chiefs who were in complete disagreement with the old heads of the Prague party, and so I began to spread my nets in their direction. I soon learned that they rather favored a united front of the proletariat. I refrained, therefore, from direct conversations.

However, I had long and extremely interesting talks with one of the ex-chiefs of the German Catholic party, who is still living in the French capital. I had known him for many years and we always had most cordial relations. I esteemed his deep knowledge of international affairs and his cleverness as a negotiator, especially in pulling wires behind the scenes.

It will be remembered that the Holy See concluded a concordat with Germany soon after Hitler's accession to power. Everyone at the Vatican knew full well that the terms of the agreement—which by the way was never ratified—were no more sacred to the Nazi government than any other international treaty signed by the masters of the Third Reich. Already the Nazis had forbidden the Associations of Catholic Youth. The clergy had been menaced, and every means employed to hamper the practice of the Catholic religion.

Considering Germany's economic difficulties, it was easy to foresee that one day Nazism would turn against Catholic properties, lands and other treasures in churches, convents and parishes. Nevertheless, the first remark from the gentleman I have mentioned above was the following:

"I sympathize entirely with your views and intentions, but Catholicism as Catholicism has nothing to do with this. It would but give them a pretext to terrorize us more than they do now. If such a thing could be done, it could only be in secret, and no names of organizations should be pronounced in public."

I burst out laughing. "You have not changed," I said. "You do not yet understand that you are a docile instrument in the Nazi hands. They want you to act as you act. They want you to be a victim of their terrorism. The one thing they esteem and fear is the open word and the same

brute force that they use themselves. Just as long as we shall hide they will be able to make fun of us. They cannot do this if we show the same boldness, the same impudence, that they show us. Very well, illegal activity must be carried on with utmost secrecy, but the fact that it exists and is supported by a majority of German people ought to be placarded on every wall of the world."

For several days we continued our conversations, without either giving an inch and, I am happy to say, without affecting our personal feelings. In any case it made me realize that time for action on a broad front had not yet arrived. Some people must have their toes trampled upon many times before they comprehend that they are the object of malice.

In London, where I visited following my stay in Paris, I had about the same experience with an ex-member of the Democratic party, an academician with whom I walked for hours in the big parks near Buckingham Palace. I was stopping at the Rubens Hotel, Buckingham Palace Road, and he had come for me. The Saar question, with its famous plebiscite in early 1935, was for him most important.

"What is going to happen to the Saar?" he asked. "Of course they should vote against Hitler, but they cannot. After all, the Saar is German territory."

"It's not a question of choice between France and Germany for the moment," I replied. "It's a question of dem-

onstrating against Hitlerism. You know as well as I do that there are three possible votes in the Saar: for Germany, for France, or for a limited prolongation of the status quo. By voting for the status quo, one does not vote against Germany. But one does vote only for liberty even if it is a limited one, under the domination of the League of Nations and against Nazi barbarism. And I don't see why you should feel so excited about it."

"But Communists are directing the movement for the status quo," he exclaimed.

"It is our own fault," I answered. "Why haven't we taken in our own hands the direction of the movement? Where there is a decided and brutal force attacking us, we can't play a Fabian role."

I purposely used this expression because my questioner was a historian, and I knew that this famous Roman chieftain always played an important role in addresses he formerly made in German universities.

"No, no and no," he shouted, and I saw despair in his eyes. "That's what we won't survive—that incredible antagonism between our national duty and our hate of dictators."

I returned to Scandinavia. I was not entirely disappointed, but somewhat downhearted by the state of mind I had found among certain groups of political *émigrés*, their lack of initiative and their fatalistic acceptance, in spite of

themselves, of Goebbels' propaganda. That I had met opposition did not disturb me. Opposition has for me always been an extraordinary stimulant—not in my private relations with men, but in public affairs. Never have I spoken so forcefully as when I have felt opposition in the audience that faced me. Never have I felt stronger than when I have had difficulties to surmount. Several insignificant incidents that happened on my return to Scandinavia strengthened my absolute decision to pursue the path I had chosen.

CHAPTER VII

THROUGH our multitude of "letter boxes," a perpetual flow of all sorts of information was reaching us, and thereby an uninterrupted wave of our propaganda was beginning to enter Germany. I have often used the word "letter box." This I should explain more clearly. "Letter box" is a current expression in secret service and in underground conspiracy. It really means a man or a woman whose job is only to act as intermediary in receiving and forwarding clandestine correspondence. It would be dangerous, for example, for anyone living inside Germany to send a letter directly to an exiled member of the Opposition. The latter, therefore, finds a friend who personally may have nothing to do with the present conspiracy, but who is willing to receive letters and forward them.

These "letter boxes" must be used with extreme discretion. The German espionage organization in England was, for example, completely destroyed during the first week of the World War, and not rehabilitated for many months, and its loss was attributed to the fact that a German naval officer had called during a visit of the German Fleet in a British port, I believe in 1913, at an important

“letter box” of the service. The “letter box” in that case was an ordinary barber. The visit appeared strange, and the British counter-espionage service had the barber watched for several months, and thus discovered a complete chain of German secret agents, all of whom were receiving their orders through that “letter box.”

The first of our slogans, launched in “underground” Germany, was that we must overthrow Hitler before the war. This soon was written with chalk on many walls throughout Germany. At the same time, it was, of course, necessary to explain to the German people why the Hitlerian régime was fatally leading on to war. The liberty of the press having been suppressed, the newspapers did not give a truthful account of the government’s foreign policy, nor of the reactions to the Hitlerian régime in foreign countries.

Words whispered secretly had to be accompanied by an explanation of the general situation abroad. I wrote every week a short exposé of the international situation, giving only the facts, as concisely as possible, with little additional comment. These I would send through our messengers to a central address from which they were distributed in the districts. From there, they would more or less reach the population, all depending on circumstances and the cleverness of the friends entrusted with the work.

Some of the news that arrived from Germany was so

mysterious that nothing at first could be done with it. I remember, at Copenhagen, one of our couriers delivered to me a small piece of metal, about one inch long, and about an eighth of an inch in width. At first I did not understand what it was. Then the courier said: "I must tell you that this comes from a workman in a factory near H——, where they are turning cylindric tubes of the same metal. Lately, the metal got so hot, while being worked on, that it began to burn. Water was thrown on it, but without effect. The fire was extinguished only with sand thrown over it by the special fire brigade of the factory."

I gave the metal to friends who made a chemical analysis. They discovered that it was a new substance for the making of air bombs that would take fire through heat caused by the friction of the air, when falling from a sufficient height.

A few weeks later, a messenger, who had crossed the Baltic on a private yacht, told me that near Swinemuende, maneuvers might be observed at which airplanes were throwing bombs upon empty boats in the Baltic, and that apparently these planes were not to throw the bombs actually on the boats, but *near* them. After further inquiry I found that the German navy was having tests made of a certain new type of small torpedo boat, intended for use only in the Baltic, and that different materials were being tested to

determine the resistance against outside pressure made by the explosion of different types of air bombs.

In November, 1934, I again returned to Prague, and under exciting circumstances. A few weeks earlier, one of the men working for us at Stockholm, told me that he had found in Germany a man who had taken a very important role in military life, and who said he was ready to join us. He had expressed a desire to meet the "chief of the movement," and my friend had invited him to Stockholm.

I did not have much confidence. I refused to see the man, but arranged for my friend to meet him on the terrace of a café in Stockholm, while I sat not far from their table, to study the face and gestures of this new "recruit." His appearance pleased me and I said I was ready to meet him on his next visit. Meanwhile, I instructed my friend to ask certain questions of the visitor, especially on the attitude of monarchist groups in Germany with which he was closely connected.

It was about the end of October that the man asked for another rendezvous, indicating also that he would not be able to come to Stockholm for the good reason that he no longer had a passport. He asked, therefore, that the meeting be in a country where he might enter by what we had begun to call the "green border," meaning the forests and mountain lanes.

I was puzzled. I did not believe that he had no passport, but I decided, in spite of the risks, to go and see the man myself. I made a rendezvous with him in Czechoslovakia, at Spindlermuehle, in the Riesengebirge, explaining that on such and such a date, in the Palace Hotel at Spindlermuehle, he would meet a man of a certain name. I had been at Spindlermuehle previously, and knew that the Palace Hotel was the proper place for such an interview.

In order to save time, I did not take the usual boat to Aabo, but decided to embark in one of the small boats direct from Stockholm to Tallinn, the capital of Esthonia. It was the last boat of the season, a small vessel with a few passenger cabins built around the main salon. When we reached the end of Maelar, the captain of the boat called the near-by pilot station to send, as usual, a guide to take us through the rocks outside of the Schaeren. The station answered that on account of a hurricane in the Baltic, it was impossible to pass. When I heard this news, indeed distressing for me, I tapped the captain's shoulder and said: "Well, Captain, nothing else to do but have a drink in your cabin." That I should not have done.

We drank until midnight, and I am pleased to say that the captain was far more intoxicated than I. I went to my cabin, and was sleeping soundly, when suddenly I was awakened by terrific detonations. Outside, in the small

salon, an old piano had begun to waltz from one side to the other. We were on the high seas. I managed to dress and went up the gangway. The captain was steering, and greeted me with a roar of joy.

"What do you think of that? I passed without a pilot. I had to do it for you. Now you can catch your train at Tallinn."

We arrived on time, but in terrible shape. The crane at the rear of the boat had gone. All the cabin windows were broken. The cargo, on the top deck, must have cost a pretty sum to the insurance company. It was completely ruined. However, as net profit from my drinking party with the captain, I caught my train. I arrived at Prague some nights later, and went hastily to the little mountain village at the foot of the Schneekoppe, the highest mountain of those parts.

I arrived at about five in the morning. What next! Nothing, except that the Palace Hotel was closed. In making the appointment I had forgotten that November is off season. Summer season was ended and the winter season not yet begun. The hotel is situated on a hill and is rather isolated. There was no café or restaurant near by from which I could watch the entrance for my visitor to arrive. So I had to pace about like a sentry the greater part of the day. Like many of these mountain resorts, two-thirds of Spindlermuehle is made up of hotels and boarding houses.

I could not expect that my visitor, who probably presumed from experience that my name was false, would attempt to locate me in any of these places.

I had my small amount of baggage sent to one of the inns and took up my watch. Rain was falling, but fortunately not too much. The day passed. At dark, I returned to my hotel, warmed myself with a stiff grog and went to bed after a game of cards with some of the guests. My purpose in the place, for their benefit, was to find a cottage for the winter season.

In such cases, where one crosses the frontier with insufficient papers, I have made a point of waiting twenty-four or even forty-eight hours. Much can happen. My man might have met a customs officer where the frontier runs along the crest of the mountain. Perhaps he had been obliged to turn back and would try again the next day. Bad weather might have stopped him halfway. All that day the peaks had been hidden in clouds and fog. An accident might have happened. During the evening, while playing cards, I listened attentively to the news given by the radio in the next room, waiting for a signal that my tardy visitor might have had an accident.

I slept calmly—not because of calm nerves, but because of fatigue caused by the Baltic trains plus the day on watch. The next morning I was once more on sentry duty in front of the Palace Hotel.

Again no one came. I returned to my hotel, and decided to go to Prague early the next morning.

It was perhaps six-thirty in the evening when suddenly I had a singular feeling that prompted me to leave the overheated restaurant where I was sitting and go out bare-headed in the rain. I followed the road leading to Czechoslovakia, when suddenly I was blinded by the lights of a car. When the car came abreast, the driver called out: "Where is the Palace Hotel?" Inside, I recognized my visitor. Very calmly I opened the car door. "You have come to see me. The last time I saw you was on the terrace of a café at Stockholm, with one of my friends." The man inside turned pale. "Then you are ——." "Yes, I am ——. The Palace Hotel is closed. Come to another hotel."

What passed between this man and myself remains one of the entirely mysterious chapters in my experiences with our outlaw movement.

We sat in a silent corner of the inn. He had recovered from the first shock of the meeting on the road and was studying my face attentively. He seemed to be dragging out old memories, as one might make a complete ensemble with pieces of mosaic. Then he said: "I know who you are, and I am glad it is you."

I saluted and replied: "It really does not matter who I am. You know what we are here for. And that is more important."

Then words fell from his lips like a torrent. I began to feel uncomfortable. I gathered from what he said that, during the past weeks, he had approached many members of monarchist circles. He told me how discontented they were over the present situation.

"The army thinks Hitler is crazy," he said. "Not one of us is anxious to lose a second war. It is true that he has done more for the German army than anyone, but he denies us what we most want—respect and consideration."

This for me was a revelation. I had known for a long time that serious discord existed between the General Staff and the Nazi chiefs. Some of my friends had frequent contacts with high officers. Others even belonged to the army. However, I had never heard this viewpoint of the officers expressed with such violence and frankness. I repeat that it was a revelation, but at the same time something in my visitor's attitude made me hesitate. I considered two possibilities: that the man was either a fanatic or that he was an *agent provocateur*—one of the two.

As the conversation continued, he revealed a multitude of interesting details on German rearmament—items that I did not check, as they were not my first interest. What interested me most were the political conditions, the general feeling as to whether a military danger then existed, either real or false.

Out came another astonishing fact, when he told me

of a new gunpowder manufactured at Rheinsfelden, in Central Germany. He gave a detailed description of how the factory was built, of its casemates, covered with an earthen safety-roof. He explained that the new powder had extraordinary explosive force, that it was called the "new white powder," and was passed first between two heavy rollers, from which it came out like a carpet. In a second casemate this carpet passed through another roller.

"I am often near there," he added, "and very often in the early morning I meet workmen coming in on my train. They are usually in a bad humor."

That was all. A few hours later he disappeared into the night, as mysteriously as he had come. Soon after, the Rheinsfelden munitions factory was blown up. Whether he had something to do with it, I never learned.

In January, 1935, when I was on the point of leaving Scandinavia to re-enter Czecho-Slovakia, I received a communication from him. He wanted to see me again. I gave him an appointment for the third of February, 1935, again at Spindlermuehle. Again I waited at the indicated time and place.

The Riesengebirge then was the center of a tremendous snow storm. Frantic SOS calls came from all the *Bauden*—a name given to refuge huts in the mountains—reporting accidents that often were mortal, and my visitor did not arrive.

I have never heard from him. A few weeks later, I saw a name similar to his own, but with a different address, in a list printed in the *Fahndungsblatt*, giving the names of "suspects" sought by the police. These my Germany friends sent to me, wrapped with other papers. The name in question was indicated as that of an individual charged with high treason and espionage. I have never learned his fate. Later, I commissioned men to seek him in Germany. He had never returned to his usual abode. No one, so far as I know, has ever seen him again. Who was he—fanatic, madman, spy—I do not know. He was, in any case, one of the most striking human beings I have ever met. If ever again I meet him in this life, and it develops that he had been sent to me then by the German secret service, it would give me immense pleasure to cross swords with him.

Again in Prague, with my daily routine work, I soon began a political task of a more constructive nature. My plan to unify the Opposition in a more or less homogeneous organization still obsessed me, but I realized that the time had not yet come. Representatives of the old parties continued the same policy pursued before Hitler's accession to power, and wasted precious time trying to prove to themselves and to the rest of the world that their attitude, adopted while they still held government posts, was the only possible one and was therefore completely justified.

I wanted to tear my hair after reading their newspapers printed abroad, and also the material distributed by them in Germany. Where one expected fire, one found only honey. Instead of pepper one discovered a white sauce from which even the lemon was missing. What was lacking, above all, was new and constructive ideas.

Perseverance is a very valuable quality but it can result in complete stupidity. I began to doubt, more and more, that the vanquished of yesterday might one day be the victors of tomorrow. I realized that I, an isolated individual among millions of Europeans, would never get anywhere, if I did not construct a sounding board outside Germany. This meant that along with an already existing invisible organization within Germany, I must create a visible one outside that would serve as a forum from which to hurl proclamations and to make a real noise.

Opportunity presented itself in an unforeseen way.

In November, 1933, at Prague, I had made the acquaintance of a former Berliner, a refugee, who had been the editor of the Communist publishing house, Marx-Engels-Verlag. This meant that not only had he been a member of the Communist party, but that also he was one of the higher-ups among the reds. His name was Jaeger, and he was a German philologist by profession. After leaving the army in 1919, he joined the Social Democratic party, and later entered a leftist group of the socialist movement.

Still later he went back to the Social Democrats, but finally joined definitely with the Communists. During all this time, he had kept busy in the role of journalist, serving for a short while as one of the editors of the Official Wolff agency. Also for several years he was a member of the Mirbach agency, an organization supported by the German and the Prussian governments, charged with propaganda in frontier provinces. During the Ruhr occupation this agency had been one of the chief centers of anti-French propaganda, and had always kept contact more or less openly with different German secret services. At its head was Mr. Kristian Krauss, a native of the Saar and an old school chum of mine.

When I met Jaeger at Prague, he had, together with an ex-Berlin bookseller, opened a press correspondence service called the Aero Press. I had sent articles to him, especially after he had confessed his disgust with the Communist party and announced that he was trying to leave it, and was seeking the means of starting anew.

One winter evening, we were sitting together in a Prague *Brasserie*, an old medieval tavern near the town hall, famous for its colorful and animated clock.

"I believe the Marxism is passing through a real crisis," he said. "I feel like writing a book about it, and I'd be only too happy if we could collaborate. As a student of Marxist literature I could deal with internal political questions

while you, who are an expert on foreign politics, would be valuable in dealing with the ideological errors of the Marxist theory."

"I cannot contribute," I said, "to an enterprise that is purely an accusation. Criticism of the past is necessary, but I believe it is useful only when it is connected to something constructive."

We often discussed his idea, and when I returned to Prague from Scandinavia, certain circumstances caused me to rent an apartment in the house that he occupied.

Naturally we saw more and more of each other. One day he said: "I often see Dr. Strasser. To tell you the truth, we are forming a group of the old parties and are considering joining Strasser's Black Front. What do you think of it?"

"Why do you intend to do this?" I asked. "Is it because you want to adopt the integral Nazism professed even to this day in Dr. Strasser's journal?"

"Not at all," he said. "As a matter of fact Strasser's ideas are evolving. Our main reason is that we have given up hope that salvation will ever come from the old parties, and Dr. Strasser's Black Front, with its apparently new development, is the only thing we can consider."

"And can none of you find a new program for your group?" I insisted. "Personally, I am not opposed to collaboration with Dr. Strasser, but I don't see why an entire

group of political outlaws, some of whom, I understand from your own words, have certain political experience, should be swallowed up by dissident Nazism. As I see it, the only way to co-operate with the Black Front is to combine it with the other forces that are strong enough to amalgamate the portion that still carries the Nazi tradition."

A few days later, we continued our conversation while walking along the shore of the Moldava.

"Do you now have an idea as to what we can do?" he asked.

"Ideas," I replied, "grow like rabbits. What we need is ideas that are realizable and correspond actually to the necessities of the moment. However, I'd be glad to meet some of your friends."

That same evening he introduced me to a young philosopher and politician from Dresden, Dr. Wilhelm Strelewicz, one of the best of the intellectuals that I have met in the progressive movement of the German new generation. I value his friendship to this day, not only for the great intellectual effort he has given to our cause, but for his unshaken faithfulness when, for weeks and months, the movement was menaced by intrigues and inside difficulties. It is mostly for his work as philosopher in the development of new political ideas that he will deserve special credit, even when these fighting years have passed. His personality, more than Jaeger's, encouraged me to continue

my efforts, the more so because, during a trip to the frontier, I had made a rather surprising discovery.

While at Rosendorf, my old Rosendorf, some villager told me that two weeks before, a German refugee who "had been a great politician before Hitler," had delivered a funeral oration that made women cry. I asked his name. The good Sudeten peasant did not remember. I asked for a description and my informer mentioned an old Loden coat. This gave me a hint. I tried to obtain the man's address, but was referred to someone living in Bodenbach.

I found at Bodenbach my old friend Arthur Arzt, ex-Social Democratic deputy in the German Reichstag. He was in a pitiful state, not only financially—after the fashion of most refugees—but morally. The head of his old party had sent him there to maintain frontier communications, a work for which no one was better equipped than he. Bodenbach was on the Saxony border, and Saxony had been his old electoral district, that had sent him for nearly twenty uninterrupted years as its representative in the German Parliament.

He was now in complete disagreement with the heads of his party, complaining of their indifference, their carelessness of method which endangered the lives of their collaborators in Germany. Trusted men had been arrested by the dozens, and he blamed, with proof in hand, the Prague "heads." These, naturally, displeased with his criticism,

had launched a campaign of calumny against him, and he was in complete despair.

It was evidently the opportune moment to speak to him of new ideas. I told him a little of what I had done in Germany, of what I wished to organize outside. Before I had time to make a firm offer, he declared himself ready to follow. He has kept his word.

In his room was a young, blond man, pale, tall and with a tragic face. He was Friedjof Arzt, the son of my friend Arthur. I shall later pay homage to this young hero, who, during the Czecho-Slovak crisis in September, 1938, died tragically, serving the cause. Friedjof had studied with Bergson in Paris, and was preparing his doctorate thesis on Sorel at the Leipzig University when Hitler came into power. He was an active member of the *Reichsbanner*—an organization for republican protection, and when the brown hordes began to occupy Saxony, he went to Dresden and participated there in the defense of the Administration Center of the Social Democratic party, against an armed attack of the S.A. He had been taken prisoner, sent to jail, and been the subject of cruel tortures when he refused to disclose the names of his comrades. One day he had been led into the prison yard, and facing a firing squad, had been asked again for the desired names and addresses. When he refused, the detachment had fired with blank cartridges, and the unsuccessful questioning continued.

Finally, he had been liberated from prison and had succeeded in escaping from Dresden to join his father in Czecho-Slovakia.

Friedjof Arzt too declared himself to be my man in whatever enterprise I asked. Strengthened by this useful support, I renewed my conversations with Jaeger's group. In the meantime, the latter had introduced me to other of his friends. I decided finally that it would be worth organizing them and strengthening them with some of my own acquaintances.

Thus was formed the German Social Populist Movement (*Volkssozialistische Bewegung Deutschlands*). In all the following chapters it must be born in mind that the Social Populist Movement was *not* entirely identical with the German Vanguard. Both movements were, of course, united by the fact that I was the plenipotentiary for the Vanguard as well as later for the Social Populist Movement, but while the latter existed mostly outside of Germany, the Vanguard existed inside Germany. When later the Social Populist Movement disappeared the older Vanguard still remained. By degrees, the Social Populist Movement also created an organization inside Germany, particularly in districts where Arthur Arzt worked among the old members of the Social Democratic party and in some villages in the north and east of Germany where two other friends of mine, one living in Scandinavia, the

other living in Belgium, worked in the same circles as Arzt. Contacts between members of the Vanguard and members of the Social Populists inside Germany were strictly avoided—but this did not prevent propaganda material of the Social Populist Movement being distributed by members of the Vanguard at certain moments, in certain places.*

On February 5, 1936, at eight in the evening, sixteen members of this new movement gathered for a "foundation meeting," in a small room of the Seidling Coffee House at Prague. As Czecho-Slovak regulations forbade meetings of foreign parties on Czecho-Slovak territory, precautions had to be taken, not only against German secret police, but against Prague police. The comrade who had been charged to find a safe meeting place had been over careful. The Seidling café was a place of ill-repute, and the small rear room where we met had far too much the atmosphere of a Russian nihilist rendezvous to please me.

Such places were more apt to make us suspect than more open centers, and for the future meetings we chose an honest bourgeois tavern, where we met once a week, representing ourselves as an "association for mutual assistance," and where we were unmolested.

I presided at that first meeting as at most of those

* Some of those latter groups called themselves then frequently "The People's Social Vanguard," combining both names.

that followed. In addition to myself, Arthur Arzt and Jaeger were named as officers of the movement. Soon we were authorized to increase the officers as we pleased, without special authorization from the other members. We also were authorized to make whatever changes in our regulations we judged necessary, without referring to the other members. I became deputy general with full powers, so that I obtained as much absolute independence for the movement outside Germany as I had inside. This led later to accusations of dictatorship.

I had not contented myself with organization work inside the movement. Already in August, 1935, I had renewed my negotiations with Dr. Otto Strasser, informing him that the organization of a German Social Populist movement was well under way, and that soon I would be ready to talk with him, as its representative.

When my preparations for the "foundation meeting" of the party were well advanced, I called a conference at which Arzt, Jaeger and myself participated on one side, and Dr. Otto Strasser with his new assistant, Heinrich Grunov, on the other. I again proposed more firmly a united front of the Opposition, and after a debate lasting many days, I was charged, without reservations, to elaborate a plan of concerted action. A few weeks later, this program was unanimously accepted with only a few small changes, mostly in style of presentation.

Soon I thought the moment opportune to ask non-German politicians to interest themselves in our aims and intentions. I prepared a very detailed memorandum that was communicated to a number of eminent European statesmen.

I tried to make them understand that the Hitlerian régime would not always and eternally form the government of Germany—that there was a multitude of Germans who considered Hitler a usurper, with no right to speak in the name of the German people. I added that future governments might find themselves forced to repudiate agreements and even international treaties signed by the Hitlerian régime. I pointed out that the German Republic in 1919 had taken the responsibility of the liquidation of bankruptcy, for which she could not herself be blamed, but that this fact had been one of the basic reasons for the failure of German democratic and republican government. This sort of thing, I declared, must not be repeated. Hitlerism, either by war, economic crisis, or revolution, would certainly lead Germany again to the precipice of disaster! We must therefore immediately begin preparations to reconstruct a disorganized country for the moment when the Hitlerian system would be overthrown; and an organization, honest and conscientious, could not possibly replace the Hitler régime under the evil auspices of a second, and possibly a worse, Versailles.

I cannot repeat the entire contents of this memorandum, which covered more than thirty pages, but I give here the part relative to foreign policy. I believe it represented the opinion of most Germans of the Opposition at that time. For that reason, in spite of the changes in the European situation that have since taken place, it is still of public interest.

The foreign policy of a new German régime, I wrote, must be one of absolute peace. The first step on the way toward a real League of Nations would be a Federation of European states. To accomplish this aim, Germany's return to Geneva would be necessary. It would be part of this foreign policy to have Germany re-enter the family of nations as an equal partner of the other nations in every respect. It would, therefore, be one of the first considerations of our foreign policy to conclude treaties of friendship with those powers that considered the cultural, economic and political reconstruction of a peaceful Germany as necessary to European security and tranquillity. These "friendship treaties" would be in accord with the Covenant of the League of Nations, and correspond in wording to the system of collective security.

As for the territorial settlement at Versailles, we recognized as final the German boundaries with France, with Belgium, and with Denmark. In the Memel question, an arrangement with the Lithuanian government would be

possible if the latter agreed to the stipulations of the Memel "statut." As for Austria, it would be necessary to safeguard Germany's important interests in that country. This was not to imply that the Austrian question could be regulated by Germany's unilateral action. It was above all important to consider the point of view of the states of the Little Entente, the interests of which in the Danube valley we recognized without restriction.

Germany must declare herself ready to exercise complete protection for minorities within her borders, and naturally could demand equal protection for German minorities in foreign nations. On this point a new attitude on the part of Germans living abroad was necessary.

We made an absolute distinction between Germans living in Germany, referred to by us as *Reichsdeutsch*, and minorities living in neighboring foreign countries, which we called *Volksdeutsch*. These *Volksdeutsche* had little influence in the economic and political conduct of Germany; and the Fatherland had no right to interfere in their special economic and political conditions. However, they had the same right to participate in intellectual opportunities as had all Germans. It should, therefore, be their role to represent abroad the best side of the German character and to demonstrate beyond our frontiers the best elements of the real Germany—honor, fidelity, honesty, order and good breeding. They must carry out these duties in the best

manner possible by absolute loyalty to the state wherein they lived, by positive and active participation in the public life of this nation.

Other questions, more difficult to consider at that moment, such as the Polish Corridor and the restitution of colonies, were set apart for a future program of foreign policies.

We were far from advocating a policy of Imperial expansion. But it was necessary that Germany be guaranteed a sufficient participation in territories for colonization, and access to raw materials from other continents. From a general point of view, we considered the Nazi attitude toward the Soviet Union as a fatal error. For a successful German economic future, the Russian markets were of vital necessity, and, therefore, it was of utmost importance to maintain friendly relations between the two governments.

After eliminating the differences with our French neighbor, eternally trumped up by Pan-Germanic chauvinism, we considered that, if a European Federation were created, political geography would play an important role in the foreign policy of the new Germany that would form part of the ensemble of Central European nations. In this we took into account that the German communication routes, especially the German rivers and maritime ports, would be of highest importance for economic developments throughout immense non-German territories in Central Europe,

and that, in consequence, it would be an important duty of all states sharing these lines of communications to exploit them in the common interest.

This program of foreign policy was later adopted unanimously by many of the German Opposition groups. This was before the Austrian question was "regulated" by the unilateral action of Germany. It was before the German minorities in Czecho-Slovakia had been used to show the world other German qualities than those indicated in this memorandum.

But this story belongs to one of the following chapters.

CHAPTER VIII

FROM the moment the Prague group was founded, in 1936, thus constituting the visible front of our secret movement inside Germany, my contacts with politicians of other groups multiplied.

We began to invite to our meetings representatives of different groups and to discuss with them the future of Germany. Once the program for alignment had been established between us and Dr. Strasser's Black Front, I saw more of him. It became our custom to meet at my apartment at least once a week. Grunov and Jaeger were often present. Arthur Arzt, who had come to report contacts with outlaws visiting him at Bodenbach, also joined us. His role in the movement was becoming more and more important, as he had succeeded in turning to us many useful men from the Social Democratic party in Saxony and the rest of Central Germany. A large part of our information and propaganda service was entrusted to him. None of the other members of the new group rendered any valuable assistance regarding operations inside Germany, so that the underground work rested entirely upon

my old friends of the Vanguard, founded in 1932, and upon Arzt.

At our meetings, now held in a tavern north of Prague, refugee birds of all colors could be seen: Trotskyites, Communists, socialists from pale pink to deep red, and of course members of Strasser's Black Front. I brought along various men, anonymous to all except myself. Animated debates took place, sometimes extremely acrimonious. One evening, the principal guest was Gruehlewitz, the undisputed ex-Trotskyist chief in Germany. I recall him as a funny little man with the gaunt face of an actor in a second-class provincial theater. He was gifted with a sonorous voice, which had once brought him success in certain districts in Berlin, and with it he tried to turn our meeting place into a battlefield of violent words and conflicting ideas.

The most interesting meetings were those at which Dr. Kurt Hiller was guest. He had been one of the chiefs of the pacifist movement in Germany, and was an internationally known jurist, specializing in legal philosophy. He had been several years in a Hitler concentration camp, where he had been terribly ill-treated until he succeeded in escaping from Germany. He still maintained some connection with a small illegal organization inside Germany and was extremely interested in the idea of a united Opposition front.

My collaboration with Dr. Strasser increased the interest of other groups that excelled in petty intrigues. Most of the political refugees were Marxists who could not forget that the Black Front was originally part of the Nazi movement and that Dr. Strasser had been one of Adolf Hitler's intimate collaborators. Many routine politicians make the mistake of continuing to build ideological frontiers. Several groups even pretended that our movement was but an offspring of the Black Front. At our meeting on the evening of June 12, 1936, Dr. Hiller asked me anxiously: "What difference is there between your movement and Dr. Strasser's Black Front?" I told Dr. Hiller that it should never be forgotten that we had come from a totally different political atmosphere. While Dr. Strasser was a Nazi dissident, on the way to adopting European ideas, we were Europeans who were regenerating the political methods of western tradition. Our position *vis-à-vis* the masses was absolutely different from that of the Black Front. It was directing its steps toward an oligarchy, with a tendency to suppress politics as of no interest to the masses, while we were aiming to have people interested in politics.

I pointed out the important fact that Dr. Strasser saw the possibility of a fall of the Hitler régime only in the course of a war, while our efforts were directed to the possibility of a fall of the régime before the war. I added that to count on a war for destruction of Hitlerism was

the same as discouraging the active elements of resistance inside Germany—abandoning them to fatalism and the belief that the task of destroying the new barbarism would not be the task of the German people, but that of foreign powers. I also pointed out that the Black Front was much more a “political party” in the old meaning of the word than we were, and that our ambition was a movement assembling and uniting all elements.

More groups began to take interest in our idea of a united front. In the meantime a similar but not the same idea had been brought forward by circles very different from ours. In Paris, the German Popular Front, created in a room of the Hotel Lutetia, was very similar in idea to the Popular Front in France and Spain.

It was not only political tradition, but practical considerations that made me repudiate their plan. This German Popular Front, in my opinion, was clearly a Communist affair, in spite of the participation of certain politicians of bourgeois origin. As I have already pointed out once before in this book, Communist participation in any united front would lead to a fatal distrust on the part of the middle classes in Germany, who might otherwise be inclined to join an anti-Hitler movement. In their opinion, a proletarian dictatorship would not be at all preferable to a Nazi dictatorship. They would certainly resign from an organization like the Popular Front, the origin of which

was Communist and which was clearly directed by Communists.

When the Popular Front was founded in Paris, a humorous and characteristic incident occurred. A well-known Catholic refugee, who occupied a spacious apartment, had been asked to lend it for a conference of the "chiefs." Of course the idea was to induce him to participate and thus give his political and social prestige to the organization. He declared himself ready to receive the gentlemen at his house, but when they arrived they found only one room set aside with a bottle of beer for each visitor. The owner of the apartment was absent.

The formation of the Popular Front had an effect that, to us, was quite enlightening. Many Opposition circles that, like our own, were not inclined to side with Communism, began trying to get in contact with us. They were beginning to fear that the cause of German Opposition would be lost if Communists continued to meddle. Slowly but surely they were trying to find another center of operations.

Only one group refrained completely from any form of collaboration with the remainder of the Opposition. They were ex-Social Democrats who still were the titular heads of the party. They had had certain changes in personnel. Two of the old chiefs, Otto Wels and Friedrich Stampfer, had formerly resigned. They had the right to

old-age pensions—according to old German regulations—which they received from the campaign chest of the party. They were now in the situation of small satisfied bourgeois. They still were invited to take part in official deliberations, and still received attendance marks. In fact they still directed to a great extent the policy of the party. As they had been against participation in the Popular Front, some of the chiefs who resided in Paris, and favored a united front, had broken with them and had formed a counter-organization. Aside from that, among party officials, a movement known under two different names, the *Neu Beginnen* and Miles Group, had achieved some success. Other Social Democrats had formed independent groups, so that the party was really breaking asunder.

I had never been greatly interested in any of them. But contact was established suddenly in an unforeseen manner. In the spring of 1936, I went to Zurich for a few days to visit friends. On my return, when I was getting out of the train at Linz, in Austria, Otto Wels, president of the Social Democratic party, also descended from the train. I had not seen him in a dozen years. I had made his acquaintance in 1917 at Copenhagen, when he was en route to represent his party at the International Socialist Peace Conference at Stockholm. I had seen him again several times during the exciting days of 1918-1919, and later in the German Reichstag. Our relationship had never been more

than casual, but we recognized each other and traveled together to Prague, a twelve-hour journey. I shall always remember the long talk we had during that trip. We were alone in our compartment, practically the entire time, and I was more convinced than ever that Germany's salvation would never come from the old Social Democratic chiefs.

I asked him where he came from. "From Brussels," he said. And without being asked he added: "I had a rather unpleasant thing to do. One of our secret couriers in Germany has lost a leather case containing a list of addresses of several hundred outlaws. There have been mass arrests in the Rhineland and in the Ruhr, and I have done all I could to try to save those not yet in prison."

I said nothing. They did not yet understand that in such work no address lists, no documents giving details of what was secretly going on, should exist.

But Otto Wels seemed quite content with the way he managed the outlaw activities of his party. "I have always been an organizer," he said. "I have often been offered a cabinet post. Fritz Ebert asked me to take the Ministry of the Interior. I refused. I am the one who organized the party. I have been faithful to that organization, even though I could have gone higher, and I shall remain faithful to it."

I looked at him closely, this big fellow with reddish face, striking eyes, and the golden watch chain across his

corpulence. He continued: "Yes, Mr. Cahen, no one realizes the enormous task I have accomplished since I was forced to leave Germany. Everything in our work inside Germany is once more in order. I have a bookkeeping system in my office at Prague which would be a model for every bank. The salary of each secretary is recorded. Organization for me is everything."

I thought of all the unfortunate secretaries, seventy-five per cent of whom undoubtedly lived inside Germany. If Mr. Wels, with his admirable organizing genius, had recorded all addresses, someday they would be placed before one of those German popular tribunals that pass judgment upon conspirators and other enemies of the régime.

It has often been said that the Nazi chiefs are nothing but adventurers. There was certainly nothing of an adventurer in Otto Wels. And yet that man was the only one who had dared denounce from the tribune the manner in which the Reichstag had been elected and to raise voice against the new dictatorship's intentions—at the famous session of the parliament of March 23, 1933—the only one after Hitler's accession to power where real representatives of old German parties still were allowed in their seats, prior to their final liquidation.

Wels had read his declaration with a firm voice, in the presence of brown masses that had invaded the corridors and gallery. He faced the menace of death that awaited

anyone who dared show resistance. Where did he find the strength to do it? Where could this man, who chattered of his bookkeeping accomplishment, have found that courage? Social Democracy had for fourteen years been the dominating force of Germany, and Otto Wels had probably not yet understood at the moment of his speech—it will remain one of the most admirable of that time—that the game was lost.

No, he was not an adventurer, and more and more I realized that one must have the spirit of adventure to accomplish what we had yet to do.

Our accidental meeting had unfortunate consequences. We, of course, broached the subject of political problems, and talked of my collaboration with Dr. Strasser. The immediate consequence was a series of intrigues at Prague and other towns, intended to prevent our united front, the elaboration of which was then under way.

Nevertheless, we progressed. Some weeks later in the spring of 1936 I was in Paris, and again saw my old friend, the Catholic politician mentioned previously. Although he had clearly rejected the idea of a united front when I called on him in 1934, he was now quite ready to accept it. "But," he said, "the Vatican is absolutely opposed to the political organization of Catholicism on German questions. It fears that a participation of the clergy in politics will but increase persecutions. It will be impossible for any clergyman to

participate, in whatever form, in doings of this character. He would immediately be severely reprimanded by the Holy See. Besides, the old Catholic party is completely disorganized. Something new would have to be created, and that's the difficulty. I don't know how it could be done."

It was during this trip that I met the third of the old Social Democratic chiefs since I had left Germany, Albert Grzesinski, who had been several years Minister of Interior of Prussia, and also Chief of the Berlin Police during most critical moments.

After my experience with Otto Wels, I met him with much hesitation and prejudice. But I was pleasantly surprised to find in him a state of mind entirely different from that of the ex-president of his party. For a short time, Grzesinski had joined the Popular Front, then left it, protesting that the Communists, although they had officially promised adherence to the demands of democracy, had continued distributing secret propaganda pamphlets even inside Germany, always striving for a dictatorship of the proletariat.

Grzesinski was attentive also when I spoke of the mistakes of the heads of his old party, and frankly confessed that he did not at all agree with the policy followed at Prague. Without formally accepting my views, he invited me later to meet with him and some of his friends, for

an opportunity to develop my ideas more coherently than at the first interview.

This fruitful contact resulted in a close friendship. He now lives in the United States and his book *Inside Germany*, published recently, undoubtedly is one of the most valuable contributions toward an understanding of present events in that unhappy country.

When I returned to Prague, after a short sojourn in Switzerland, I learned that my interview with my Paris Catholic friend was already bearing its fruit. Religious groups of the Opposition were beginning to move, especially in Vienna where the Nazi menace was getting acute. A group of young politicians had organized and soon one of their representatives came to see me.

They had been in touch with outlaws inside Germany. On the whole they agreed with me. However, one point disturbed them considerably—our collaboration with the Black Front. As the Black Front, according to them, recruited its adherents mainly from the radical wing of the Nazi party, they feared that pagan ideas, as expressed by Rosenberg, Hauer and other extremists, would prevail, and that it would impede all fruitful co-operation with this circle.

I explained that Strasser was entirely regenerating his program, and that above all, for the reasons they had themselves given, a collaboration with Strasser was neces-

sary to counterbalance many of his advanced ideas which did not correspond to the general views of the rest of the Opposition.

Near the end of 1936 we agreed and decided to launch a common appeal from the various groups of the German Opposition, addressed to the German people, to be dated January 31, 1937, the fourth anniversary of Hitler's accession to power. This union was called the "German Front against Hitlerism."

Our efforts had succeeded in gaining the adherence of the following groups as signers of our first appeal: the Social Populists (my group), the Black Front, the German Young Catholics, the Revolutionary Peasant, the Order of the Young Germans, the League for German Federalism, the Black Steel Helmets, and the Circle of United Youth.

The program as expressed in the appeal summed up the following demands: national liberty, social justice, autonomous administration by councils and states, cultural regeneration, European collaboration. It ended with the words that became the slogan for the united front: "The Hitler system must die in order that Germany live."

I did not content myself with that first success. These different groups were connected only through a multitude of secret couriers traveling throughout Europe and Germany. We had not yet held a plenary meeting, nor had

there been personal contact between all the chiefs. As yet we had formed no executive or parliamentary organization.

We were still awaiting the Catholics. They did not feel themselves strong enough. The Circle of Catholic Youth represented only a limited part of the Catholic Opposition. Besides, certain small details did not please me. For example, the League for German Federalism was composed of Catholic royalists of different states of South Germany, which in my opinion ought not be represented by a special organization, but through a General Catholic representation. They were excellent people, with childish and touching ardor. For example, one of their emissaries, coming from North Bavaria, once called on me at Prague to tell me that they had an ammunition depot at our disposition, and that any day they would be able to raise an army. I had inquiries made and found that the ammunition consisted of a few rusted machine guns from an old Bavarian protection organization, some hundreds of rifles, and several thousand cartridges that had been stored in a damp hiding place for more than a dozen years. It would have been a crime to allow these children to fight with such equipment.

Somewhat the same difficulty, but from another viewpoint, concerned the Revolutionary Peasants, who had a rather imposing following in North Germany and Silesia. These people, under their black flag, had supported the

Nazi movement before Hitler's accession to power, and had acquired a certain international glory by the famous trial against the bombers of Schleswig. Now they had completely turned away from Nazism. While previous to Hitler's rule they had been furiously anti-Semitic, they now complained that the old Jewish shopkeepers had been replaced by Nazis who treated them as scoundrels, and ransacked their homes.

I was afraid that these people, left to themselves, and with the feeling that they now belonged to a very broad front, would let themselves indulge in regrettable acts of terrorism. They too lacked experienced political chiefs, and as certain of their ideological points were very near to those of Strasser's Black Front, I preferred that they join up with his organization.

It was the same with the Circle of United Youth, mostly university students, and scouts, who were a marvelous body, but inclined to inconsiderate acts. I believed that the Order of the Young Germans, nearer to their ideology and general mentality, would be their more appropriate affiliation.

I used my personal efforts as well as those of my friends inside and outside Germany to reach a readjustment, and I finally succeeded in welding these smaller groups into more cohesive organizations.

In the meantime, I also began to elaborate the bylaws for a parliamentary and executive body of this organiza-

tion that I called the *Deutscher Volksrat* (Council of the German People). This was accepted at a meeting I had organized, but only after a disastrous incident had occurred.

The Catholics had decided to transform the Circle of Catholic Youth into an organization called the Imperial Christian League for German Liberty. They had not been prudent in their correspondence. One of their letters had fallen into the hands of the German secret police and had been published in Hermann Goering's newspaper, the *National Zeitung* of Essen, on April 3, 1937. This letter indicated clearly the intentions of the Catholic circles to co-operate with the Social Populists, the Black Front, the Order of the Young Germans, and the Black Steel Helmets, for a revolution in Germany. It made an enormous sensation not only abroad, but also—and this was not intended by the secret police—in the underground movement in Germany. To crown it all, even Nazi newspapers published that a united Opposition was in formation.

As Goering's newspaper especially attacked Catholicism, there was immediate pressure from the Vatican on my Catholic friends to cease their activities, and for some time the whole movement appeared in serious danger. But I succeeded in persuading them that it was best even to be excommunicated temporarily, if, in the long run, they would be among those who eventually might save Catholicism in Germany from persecution.

It was under these conditions that, on April 24 and 25, 1937, the first meeting of the German Front against Hitlerism took place at Bratislava in Czecho-Slovakia. It was called the "Preparatory Committee for the Constitution of a Council of German People."

Again unforeseen incidents happened. I had arrived on the evening of April 23 at Bratislava, and stopped at the Palace Hotel. I had not been there an hour when an agent of the local police appeared, asking me to call the next morning on the chief of the political police.

I reported at the Prefecture and was received by the gentleman in question, a grave gentleman with tortoise shell glasses and an impressive abdomen. "What is all this?" he said. "I hear that in every hotel at Bratislava there are internationally known German refugees, and that they all telephoned to you. You know that this is a border town, and that there's a strict surveillance here."

I began to laugh. "Well, Mr. Councillor," I said, "even emigrants feel sometimes the need to drink with old friends, and as Bratislava is at a convenient distance for all of us, and is also famous for its Danubian wines and gay atmosphere, we have chosen your charming town for a little excursion amidst the bright lights. Is there anything wrong in that?"

Behind his glasses, his eyes twinkled. He said: "During the war I was a member of a Czech conspiracy against Aus-

tria, and that's why I have my suspicions. I, too, was a refugee. . . ."

"Well, well," I answered, "it is interesting. But don't be afraid. You belong to a people with a revolutionary temperament. But we are all Germans, void of fighting spirit."

It was his turn to laugh. "Then," he said, "there won't be any subversive speeches, no interviews for the press?"

"What do you think?" I said. "We'll be only too glad if the press leaves us severely alone."

I took leave, shaking his hand cordially, and the affair was settled.

It would take too long to repeat here in detail what went on in the assembly, nor could I give the names of all those present, as their lives would be endangered if their identity should become known. All the groups that signed the appeal of January 31 were represented. From the very beginning, the most important differences of opinion were between the representatives of the Catholic groups and Dr. Strasser over the Catholic Church estates and the general position of the Catholic Church in Germany. On both these points I was able to smooth out the differences. We decided to turn over the estate problem to a working committee, and we finally agreed that a future Germany would have to negotiate with the Catholic Church, not only with the German episcopate but also with the Vatican.

I was unanimously given full power to act in the name of the German Front against Hitler, and a protocol to this effect was handed to me. "It was finally decided [I quote from the protocol] that the results of the conference would be purposely minimized, in order to avoid press attacks, and above all that its exact form and contents, as well as names of the signatories who had given full power to Mr. Cahen, would be kept secret. Mr. Cahen swore that he would never make use of that document except in moments of absolute necessity."

The conference ended in an excellent atmosphere. Attempts by certain Catholic circles of Vienna to jeopardize it before it had even started had been averted. Committees for the settlement of details of the resolutions adopted were to meet beginning April 28 at Prague.

To the different organizations participating in that meeting and other groups reunited in the German Front against Hitlerism, we sent the following official communiqué: "The Assembly of the Preparatory Committee for constitution of a Council of German People has terminated in complete accord. It has been decided to call a future meeting at an opportune date."

This communiqué, in spite of its brevity, gave rise to a tempest not only in the German Opposition inside the country, but in the emigration circles and among the secret police in Germany.

Reaction inside Germany was of course most favorable. My old friends of the Vanguard and Arzt's friends were in transports of joy, and the same reaction was felt in other organizations represented. In emigration circles, reactions were varied. Some of the political refugees acclaimed us, but others attacked us in the most furious manner. Marxist newspapers found no better way of vilifying the whole affair than by minimizing our movement and presenting it as completely dependent on Strasser's, so that the Bratislava effort for a united Opposition would appear as an affair controlled by Nazi dissidents. Some gave to me the somewhat fantastic name of "Catholofascist" because of my success with the Catholic group. Others accused me of having been bought by the Standard Oil to counteract Nazi connections with the Royal Dutch Shell of Sir Henry Deterding. I have never met a Standard Oil magnate and I am still awaiting the opportunity of being purchased by one.

But the most virulent attacks directed by the Communist party were against Dr. Strasser, who was publicly accused, though in a veiled manner, of being a Hitler agent, and to whom were attributed sinister schemes, designed against the safety of the whole world.

Such attacks never worried me greatly, but as the calumny campaign was beginning to take a stupid form, I found myself forced to answer. I published a few articles

stating my position, and instead of merely defending myself, I launched a counterattack.

These articles were published in Jaeger's Aero Press. I asked the Communists what was their main aim. Was it to eliminate Nazism from power, or establish Communist dictatorship in Germany? If they believed that their first task was to abolish Nazi dictatorship in Germany, why hamper those who were ready to do it? If they only intended to establish a dictatorship of the proletariat, why then did they give to themselves at least the appearance of people fighting for democracy?

I asked the same question of the Social Democrats. What did they want? To destroy Nazism? Why then remain in an isolation that was anything but splendid? If they wanted something else, why didn't they confess it openly?

To both I made the direct question: "What do you want for a future Germany? Do you want the Marxist state, or do you want a European Germany?"

But there was one thing that comforted me considerably. All the reports I received from my Vanguard friends of the fifteen districts established in Germany, clearly indicated that all these attacks, in the form of pamphlets distributed to the German masses, were rapidly strengthening our position.

CHAPTER IX

ACCORDING to Adolf Hitler, the German Opposition means merely "emigrants." Goebbels, according to his own brand of humor, refers to them as "semigrants."

The fact remains that emigration, for the greater part, has nothing to do with the anti-Hitler movement. About eighty-five per cent of German emigrants are refugees for racial reasons only. Of the remaining fifteen per cent that may really be classified as "political refugees," approximately twenty per cent are Israelites, and eighty per cent are what is incorrectly labeled "Aryan" in the Nazi anthropology.

During many epochs of history a change of régime in a nation has forced its old "leaders" to emigrate for a certain period. All successful counter-revolution has been the result of collaboration between these refugees and the Opposition *inside* the country.

However, it must not be overlooked that, in all previous cases, the work was much easier than that of the present German Opposition. Never before has it happened that an Opposition faced a totalitarian state. Totalitarianism in Nazi colors is a form of government that never before has existed.

Other dictatorial régimes—mostly monarchical autocracies—have had of course their secret police, their “black cabinets” and all the paraphernalia indispensable to a rule of brute force. But Napoleon’s Fouché and his police, or the secret agents of Metternich, cannot be compared with the formidable organization of police spies, informers, secret agents, protection formations of present-day Germany. Even a member of the Nazi party or an officer of the army never knows whether the person working beside him belongs to one of the numerous secret organizations of espionage.

The role of political refugees remains always the same. Only the combined efforts of the emigrants and of revolutionary forces inside the country can possibly decide the destiny of the usurper. In the case of Germany, as in past history, it is for the refugees to accomplish the ideological and organization task that cannot develop inside the country, because of the dictatorship and its methods.

The forces inside the country must do the practical work and carry out the plans drawn up beyond the frontiers. The realization of these plans depends almost entirely on perfect collaboration.

It is not without reason that the Nazis confuse opposition and emigration. The latter is visible to the world outside Germany. The underground movement within is not interested in making its existence too well known, nor is it

ever mentioned in public speeches or official documents issued by dictators who like to boast of leading a united country, where everybody is happy. Dictators also have another reason for vilifying the refugees to those inside the country. The refugees can always be accused of being instruments of foreign interests, which in the Nazi language means Jewish interests.

It was an unprecedented situation that the German Opposition faced, and the old parties had to develop new techniques in carrying on the battle. In technical propaganda methods, only the Communists, among the old parties, had been really prepared for an illegal campaign. Their members had been taught underground methods from the time of Weimar, when they vainly attempted to break up the other labor parties. But their organization, a good while before the coming of the Hitler régime, was in complete dissolution. The Social Democratic party had never prepared for an underground warfare. Since the time of Bismarck, the Social Democrats had been at first a legal opposition party, and after 1918, the most important governmental group in Germany. This party, like all others, had to elaborate an underground technique. It, like the others, was handicapped by the fact that its officials were widely known. The secret police did not have to be geniuses to be fully informed concerning the activities of the Social Democrats. The latter faced the necessity of build-

ing a new clandestine organization, under enormous difficulties.

The Black Front was in a better position. It was a solid organization before Hitler's accession to power. For that reason, the forming of a clandestine group within the Hitlerian party was not an insurmountable difficulty, especially as the Black Front had many attachments with Nazi circles.

From its beginning, my own organization had been established with the view to outlaw warfare. None of us who occupied important posts had ever taken a highly visible role with any of the old political parties. All of us well understood that we were members of an illegal movement.

The most redoubtable and dangerous enemy of all these secret organizations was and still is the Gestapo, the secret police of the new Germany. In the Gestapo there is a special bureau for surveillance of Opposition inside Germany, and another special bureau for surveillance, so far as possible, of all refugees. There is no need to attribute super-efficiency to this organization, of which Heinrich Himmler is now the head, nor to exaggerate the importance of the real-life mystery stories of which Herr Himmler is the accredited author, but it cannot be denied that he has had considerable success. Thousands of the Opposition inside Germany have been arrested. There is not one

outside organization but at one time or another has been dangerously menaced by agents of the Gestapo sent from Berlin.

These successes are due less to cleverness on the part of Nazi agents than to the inefficient organization and methods used by the Opposition groups.

Two groups were especially endangered by the operations of the Gestapo: the Black Front of Dr. Strasser and the Social Democrats.

Where the Black Front was concerned it is easy enough to understand the reason. Members of that organization were mostly recruited among members of the Nazi party, and it was always easy for Himmler's agents to get in by pretending that they belonged to some of the different wings of the Hitler party, and that they had disagreed with the policy followed by the party chiefs. No less than eight out of the ten of Dr. Strasser's intimate collaborators, during the years from 1933 to 1938, were traitors, purchased by the Gestapo.

I have mentioned in a previous chapter, the case of Mahr, who was present when I first met Dr. Strasser, and who later was arrested as a German agent by the Czechoslovak police. I present his case in detail, as it is significant of the methods used and of the great danger for the Opposition circles that exists today.

The real name of this Mahr was Dr. Herbert Adam, and

he was the nephew of an important department store owner in Berlin. He was half-Jew. During the war he was an excellent pilot. Afterward he was a famous automobile racer. His case shows in astounding manner the disastrous effects these disordered times can have on unbalanced minds.

At the beginning of 1934, Mahr arrived at Prague, saying that he was a refugee. He got in touch with a former friend and gave him considerable information on aerial rearmament—information which, after verification, proved to be correct. He tried to meet me, but instinctively—instinct has often guided me in my outlaw work—I refused to deal with him. He then approached Dr. Strasser, and was given a position of trust.

The chief of the Gestapo at that time was a certain Dr. Diehls, ex-member of the Democrat party, son-in-law of an important German industrialist, and a first-class opportunist. Mahr explained to Diehls that he would prove that Nazi accusations against certain non-Aryans—meaning himself—were a grave error, and that among non-Aryans there were as good patriots and National Socialists as among the Aryans. He was ready, he said, to go abroad, do espionage work against refugees and even assassinate one of the chiefs of the Opposition, if the Hitler government would be disposed to certify him as an Aryan—after he succeeded in his task.

Dr. Diehls of course accepted this generous offer.

Mahr soon began working at Prague with a man named Alfred Franke-Gricksch, who was then using the name Hildebrand. He was an important member of Strasser's Prague bureau. He came from Berlin, and before Hitler's accession to power, he had collaborated intimately with Dr. Strasser when the latter was still in Germany.

Mahr alone did not succeed in winning over Hildebrand to the Gestapo cause. Then a beautiful young lady, Luise Conrad, arrived at Prague. She pretended to fall in love with Hildebrand, and even became engaged to him, and then returned to Berlin, whence she began bombarding her fiancé with letters insisting that it was time for them to marry.

In June, 1934, one of her "friends," corpulent and respectable in appearance, entered into business relations with Hildebrand. This gentleman, who answered to the poetic name of Muller, was of course an agent of the secret police. He succeeded, where Mahr had failed, in buying Hildebrand and inducing him to work in the interests of Berlin.

A third person then entered on the scene. Hildebrand introduced to Strasser a mysterious gentleman, with a gaunt countenance and rigid manner, as a Mr. Frank, an Englishman, and special agent of the English intelligence service. Mr. Frank showed great interest in the Black

Front. He informed Dr. Strasser of influential groups in England who might support it. He offered money, and later even gave money which he pretended came from English sympathizers in high governmental posts.

Both Mahr and Hildebrand were naturally enthusiastic. Then Strasser received an invitation from Frank to visit him at Saarbrücken in the Saar, where the plebiscite of January, 1935, was being prepared. Frank told Strasser that the English government would appreciate it if the chief of the Black Front would visit the Saar basin for the purpose of giving—after a personal survey—his opinion on the situation in the plebiscite territory. And the good Mr. Frank, anxious to shorten and make Dr. Strasser's trip as pleasant as possible, even offered him an English passport, so that he could use the air line between Prague and Strasbourg which touched German ground "only" for a few minutes at Nuremberg.

Dr. Strasser told me later, it was then that he began to have his first suspicions of Mr. Frank. He refused the passport and the Nuremberg route, but took the train through Austria and Switzerland and met Mr. Frank at Saarbrücken.

When he entered the house where the interview was to take place, he found a group of young men. After general introductions, Mr. Frank suggested that Dr. Strasser refresh himself with a bath after his trip. Dr. Strasser imme-

diately left the apartment, passing quickly through the band of surprised young men, and disappeared from Saarbrücken. It was later established, in the most definite manner, that everything had been arranged to electrocute him in the bath, in order that the assassination appear as an accident.

After his return from Saarbrücken, Strasser began seriously to suspect Mahr, alias Dr. Herbert Adam, and with the aid of one of his friends, enlisted the assistance of the police. In the meantime, Mahr had begun to work with a certain Werner Pfeiffer, of Prenzlau, Brandenburg. Mahr had proposed his services as courier for Dr. Strasser and had obtained for him a mission to visit certain members of the Black Front inside Germany. He too was an agent of the secret police. One day the Czecho-Slovak police apprehended Mahr and Pfeiffer when the pair were trying to break open Dr. Strasser's desk, hoping to find documents revealing the complete lists of the illegal organization inside Germany. Both were condemned to imprisonment.

Hildebrand escaped in time to Switzerland, from where he sent a pathetic letter explaining the reasons of his "disagreement" with Dr. Strasser—a letter in which he said that he "preferred to live in Germany than to be submerged in an emigration swamp."

A note of tragicomedy entered his life. In Switzerland he received a letter from his fiancée, Luise Conrad, who

asked him to return immediately to Germany, saying that she had had a personal interview with Dr. Goebbels, and that the latter not only authorized Hildebrand to circulate freely but now offered him a high post in the Propaganda Ministry. Hildebrand, with a hopeful heart, departed for the Fatherland. Five minutes after he had crossed the frontier he was arrested by secret police, sent to jail, and subjected to a severe beating until he revealed every scrap of information that he possessed. Mlle. Conrad naturally did not marry him, and the comic side of it is that later the same Hildebrand reappeared on the international scene, once more charged with missions for the German secret police.

After this incident, Dr. Strasser was not allowed to go out alone in Prague. He was always accompanied by a Czecho-Slovak detective, who even lived in his apartment, in order to avert a criminal attempt on Czecho-Slovak territory. Several political refugees were thus protected. I had refused such protection, but was authorized by the authorities to carry a gun on my person.

That such measures were necessary was proved by the murder of the famous German philosopher, Dr. Theodore Lessing, shot at Marienbad by an emissary of the German police, and later by the assassination of Herr Formis, who ran a secret radio short-wave station for the Black Front near Prague. I shall relate his case later.

The case of Mahr-Hildebrand-Frank brought disastrous results to the Black Front. Over forty of its leaders were arrested in Berlin. Many other arrests took place in Bavaria and Silesia, and several frontier points used secretly by couriers became known.

The case of Peter Ochmann, a year later, had the same results, although less disastrous, for the Social Democratic party.

Whereas in the Mahr-Hildebrand case, the German Gestapo had shown a certain cleverness, the Peter Ochmann case proved the complete inefficiency and lack of prudence on the part of the Social Democratic chiefs. I know that they have learned their lesson and will now act differently. I relate the affair in detail, not to criticize them but to show how much precaution and prudence are necessary to play the game, and to demonstrate the elementary rules for those who work against Hitlerism.

The greater part of my information comes from a secret letter sent by the heads of the Social Democratic party to its liaison agents stationed at the various frontiers, and to certain persons in Germany. This letter does not tell the entire case, and I shall fill in the details from a report handed to me by one of my own agents. In a certain measure, it had unpleasant consequences for the organization created for us by my friend Arzt in Central Germany, many members of this group being ex-Social Democrats.

Peter Ochmann arrived at Prague in December, 1933, coming from Danzig. For fourteen years he had been a member of the Social Democratic party in Germany. According to the above mentioned letter, he had for two years preceding Hitler's accession to power been president of the party in his district and Social Democratic member of the municipal council of the town in Silesia where he lived.

At Prague, he gained the confidence of the district organization of the German Social Democratic party in Czecho-Slovakia, and of the Co-operative Association of Prague. He assumed duties for these two organizations which he accomplished to their satisfaction. He was so efficient that he received a monthly pay of more than a thousand crowns, which permitted him to live the life of the well-to-do middle class.

Soon he added to his functions those of clerk for the social center of the party in Czecho-Slovakia, which also was the bureau of the Aid Committee for Social Democratic refugees. Every new Social Democratic refugee had to register at that office. Complete lists were kept of Social Democratic emigration, and each refugee was the subject of careful examination. He was compelled to tell all that he knew concerning the members of the party in Germany, giving their addresses for use in the conduct of the work.

Once installed in this comfortable job—Ochmann slept at the social center where he had pleasant quarters—he then began visiting, during the day, different beer taverns. In one of these, he made the “chance” acquaintance of a certain Karl Ernst, and from October, 1935, he began copying, at night, the lists of refugees and their reports. Later he had not even the need of copying them. The data communicated by him to Ernst had proved so interesting that the latter received from Berlin complete equipment for taking photostatic copies.

One of my agents, charged with the control at the Bodenbach frontier, suspected Ernst, who several times had crossed the border at that point. Ernst was a queer type. He had arrived at Prague, pretending to be a refugee, with a passport in order. Our suspicions began when he became a street vendor for an anti-Hitler newspaper. He would remain hours at a busy corner in the center of Prague, scarcely bothering to sell his wares, but still he had money to spend in taverns with Ochmann. As he received no financial help from refugee organizations, he was an enigma to us.

During the winter of 1935, one of our friends informed the Prague police concerning Ochmann. He was arrested, but freed after the Social Democrats intervened on account of his previous fidelity as a party member.

Finally, in the spring of 1936, Ernst was arrested at

Bodenbach, when he was crossing the German frontier, his pockets full of photostatic copies of refugee lists and reports. On the same day Ochmann was arrested and made a complete confession.

The consequence was mass arrests. Hundreds of persons inside Germany were sent to concentration camps and prison. Several executions were said to be related to this case. It is characteristic of German Gestapo methods that these arrests did not take place until after the traitors at Prague were discovered, and well after many reports had been received. Up to that time, every person mentioned in the Ochmann-Ernst case was under surveillance, in order to discover other ramifications of the Social Democratic organization. Once the Prague arrests were known in Berlin, the Gestapo became active, before anyone could be warned or escape.

On only one occasion was my own life seriously endangered. Usually several agents of the German secret police were on my trail, but I succeeded always in escaping them. I probably owe my good fortune to my habit of not taking life too seriously. When I meet a person for the first time, I talk to him sufficiently to draw interest but carefully avoid saying too much. Certain things I shall never tell, not even to my most intimate friend. That is why I am not fearful of betraying myself, and so in my relations with persons who are suspect, I am apparently as frank

as with those whom I trust. However, I passed through a dangerous moment, and it was a young girl who saved me.

I have frequently mentioned the small frontier hamlet, Rosendorf, where I passed my first hours after escaping from Germany in 1933. Afterward I often visited the Huebel family, owners of the little inn, when hunting or trout fishing in that region, and especially for long, solitary excursions in the forests.

For their own safety as well as for my own, I never told the Huebels the real reason for my frequent visits to their hotel. At the end of 1935 the Henlein party began to get busy in that region as well as in the rest of the Sudeten, and the Huebel Hotel had a large, convenient reception room, frequently used by this crowd for their meetings in that region. Then old Huebel joined the Henlein party. For a while I wondered if I should cease going to his hotel, but came to the conclusion that precisely for this reason it was the best place for me.

I was there at Whitsuntide in 1936. I never had "visitors" at the Huebel Hotel. I always met them either in the rocky deserted hideaways near the hamlet, or in some lane at a certain point agreed in advance which I knew from past hunting trips. Sometimes we met in a clearing of the forest, where we could sit for hours without being disturbed.

On that Sunday I had made a rendezvous in the forest

for early in the morning, with two visitors, one from Berlin and the other from Nuremberg. Both were important members of my movement. When I awoke, about half past five in the morning, the rain was falling in torrents. Nevertheless, my visitors were waiting, and about nine o'clock I returned to the inn, having arranged another rendezvous with them for the same afternoon.

When I joined my family in the dining room, I noticed a group of guests who had arrived during the night. They were small businessmen of Dresden who came frequently for holidays to drink real Pilsener beer at the Huebel hostelry, which was famous for this brew. I recognized two of the men and was surprised when they did not speak to me. I then closely scrutinized the others. One of them, whom I had never seen before, was a giant of a man, wearing spectacles, and with hands the size of hams. I noticed that he in turn was watching me closely.

I ordered coffee and when I saw one of my previous acquaintances from Dresden leave the dining room and proceed toward the direction of the toilet, I followed. "What is the matter with you?" I asked. He placed his finger on his lips. "Be prudent," he replied. "You have seen the big fellow with us. He is Commissioner Geissler of the Dresden secret police. All excursion parties that now cross the frontier have one of his men for company."

I returned to the dining room and was tactful enough

to pay no further attention to the group, which after all had little interest for me.

A few weeks later, I was again at Rosendorf, when a young peasant who had known me for several years, approached. "You remember the last time you were here," he said. "Mr. — and Mr. — of Dresden were also here with a man you had never seen before. He asked several of the villagers about you, and said it seemed strange that you should have gone out of the hotel in the pouring rain. He wanted to know whether you had relatives here about. He knew even your name, which seemed very surprising." The youth's face reddened. "You know the — family. A few days later some one 'phoned to Rosalie —, the daughter, and asked whether she knew you. Of course, we all knew that you are well acquainted with her. Anyhow she was then asked to send word to a certain address at Bodenbach the next time you are here. She was told that you were a traitor to the German cause and that you must pay for it. Because she likes you so well she sends me to tell you to be on guard."

I had good reason to follow the advice. Rosalie, although she sent me the warning, dared not disobey her orders. Immediately after my arrival, easily visible from the windows of the girl's house, she telephoned Bodenbach. When I went out in the afternoon, I noticed a car with four passengers slowly following me. I at once re-

turned to the Huebel inn, and quickly departed again by a rear door, walked through a portion of the hamlet where it was impossible for a car to drive and disappeared into the fields. I would probably not have had a chance to escape from these regional Nazis had they suspected that I had been warned.

In consequence, however, of this incident, I frequented Rosendorf less than formerly and also changed the points for frontier operations throughout the region of Spindlermuehle, to the north of Karlsbad and to the west in the direction of the Bavarian forests. I also arranged for meetings in the neighborhood of Rumburg, in the farthest northeast corner of the Sudeten. All that territory is today a part of Germany, and the mysterious unlawful crossings belong to a frontier that no longer exists.

Against the unceasing work of the German secret police, the methods of the Opposition groups at first seemed ridiculous.

The old parties, with undying faith in the efficacy of the written word, regarded their subterranean program after the manner of an electoral campaign. They should have known better. The Republic of Weimar had succumbed despite the aid of the greatest press organization imaginable. The parties in power had complete control of many news agencies and the radio. They had distributed pam-

phlets by the millions, but nothing prevailed against the propaganda of Hitler.

Nevertheless they continued to distribute secret journals and documents printed in microscopic characters, always believing that these articles, elaborated with statistics and figures, would make an impression upon the multitude then held in a trance by the great multicolored festivals given by the brown regiments.

The traffic in these printed pamphlets was extremely dangerous for an organization outside the law. One day the written story of this clandestine literature will make an interesting chapter in the post-war history of Europe. For example, one year after Hitler came to power, forbidden literature was still turned out from all the great printing establishments of Berlin. Often the printers and other workmen remained faithful to the old parties, and toiled for them after working hours. Other courageous outlaws—the group was mostly young Communists—maintained for years the publication of multigraphed weeklies which were similar to the local newspapers of certain Berlin districts. They published many details concerning the inhabitants of the district and their affiliation with the Nazi party. They gave names and addresses of those who had put themselves at the disposition of the secret police, and they gave extracts of whatever foreign newspapers they could obtain in Berlin. The best known

of these weeklies was edited by a group of young Communists, not far from Stettinerbahnhof. Its publication was discontinued, I believe, in 1937. By this date, practically all this kind of work had ceased for some time. The distribution was too dangerous for the results achieved. Therefore, more and more literature printed outside the German frontier began to filter in.

The presentation of these publications coming from abroad varied greatly. Some were microscopic newspapers such as *Die Deutsche Revolution*, the journal of Dr. Strasser's Black Front, and the *Neue Vorwaerts*, weekly of the Social Democrats. Others were periodical pamphlets similar to our *Deutsche Freiheitsbriefe*, or the *Sozialistische Aktion* published by a group of Social Democrats at Karlsbad. The clandestine literature was often camouflaged under the form of commercial propaganda. For example, the first page of a publicity folder for a new radio set—actually in existence—would be copied exactly word for word, but the second page would continue thus: "But the best loudspeaker in the world is Dr. Goebbels. The trouble is that he lies"—and then would follow anti-Nazi propaganda. There were even gramophone records, beginning with well-known airs but continuing with revolutionary speeches.

For all printed publications and their transportation the methods changed constantly. Sometimes the mats

were made abroad, leaving the printing to establishments in Germany, which were often equipped only with primitive hand presses. Complete cargoes of pamphlets entered the country by railroad, by canal and river boat, or were placed in corked bottles that floated down the Elbe, the Rhine and other streams that had their sources outside Germany. I recall during some great fetes held not far from the frontier that tens of thousands of toy balloons floated in the air, all containing small parcels of illegal literature that, with favoring winds, were carried far into the interior of Germany.

The greatest portion of this contraband, however, was taken in by couriers. As time passed and many of the excellent old members of the parties were arrested, many persons became less conscientious, many preferred security to the proper accomplishment of their task, and so threw their packets of literature into the forests, or made pacts with the Gestapo. In this way much of the precious freight, instead of reaching the population, was thrust directly into the hands of the police.

I recall that one of our inside workers, under suspicion of the authorities, was taken before the special police commissioner at Dresden. The room was half-filled with packages of illegal literature, some of which had not even been opened. The commissioner was so versed in the ideology and phraseology of the different groups that he could have

dealt in the traffic quite as easily as anyone of our band.

For these reasons, I eventually discarded the pamphlet method of propaganda. In the spring of 1936, I had published a series of little booklets entitled *German Liberty Letters*, but turned out only a few editions. I felt that our adherents inside Germany no longer wanted long-winded articles. They did want real news. Also they no longer wanted to take the risk of arrest for having bulky banned literature in their possession. The danger was not worthwhile.

I soon recognized that I was on the right path by distributing a limited number of brief information bulletins. Later I added news coming from within Germany. Experience revealed a singular fact. The public had become muzzled to such a degree that, for example, the arrest of a dozen persons in a Berlin residence would pass not only without a word in the press, but without the knowledge even of the families living next door.

This work revealed another interesting fact about the underground battle. At various times organizations outside Germany, having received reports on what was going on within, reproduced them and sent them back into Germany, where the published facts were maintained to be false. This, in a measure, discredited all clandestine literature.

I remember one evening when a man called at the edi-

torial room of the Prague *Tagblatt*, and excitedly declared that he had just arrived by train from Germany. He reported a serious strike in a factory in Central Germany—the first to occur after the advent of Hitler. The man made a good impression. The paper published the news. A few days later I received a report from one of my men in that part of Germany to the effect that at seven in the morning at the factory in question, the Nazi commissioner had assembled several hundred workmen, holding in his hand a copy of the Prague *Tagblatt* that had been sent to him by special messenger. He read the news report, and concluded with a harangue against the lying refugees of the Opposition. There was system in all that. It was evident that the Ministry of Propaganda had arranged the whole incident to discredit us.

After this incident I gave firm instructions to my district chiefs in Germany to be as conscientious as possible in their distribution of news to their people, and also in their reports sent to me, and I can state with clear conscience that I have never published a news item concerning Germany during these past years that I had not confirmed from a source known to be exact.

I developed at that time another method of propaganda—that of “stickers”—little multicolored paper butterflies that were pasted to the walls and contained but a single phrase, such as “Get Rid of Hitler before the Coming

War" or "Hitler Cannon instead of Butter" or "Bread and Peace." I know that these butterflies had great effect throughout Germany, as indicated in a report by a correspondent of the London *Sunday Referee*, who in the spring of 1937 made a trip through the entire country.

Sabotage inside Germany has sometimes been mentioned as one of the important activities of the Opposition. Actually, however, I think that the strategy of modern revolutionary chiefs, in all those deeds known in literature as "direct action," has changed considerably in the last decade. Direct action of the kind employed by revolutionists in the past is no longer regarded as advisable against the totalitarian systems of today. Even those Opposition leaders in Germany who consider sabotage and other violent methods as necessary in the long run believe that all premature and isolated cases should be avoided. The revolutionary effect of sabotage consists less in the material damage it causes than in the moral effect on the masses. In countries where public opinion is muzzled this effect is necessarily limited. Isolated action may easily result in a mere waste of energy and man power.

It would be quite different should an all-enveloping wave of direct action become part of a revolutionary campaign, as the preliminary move in the final overthrow of an already weakened totalitarian government. Sabotage

then would form an integral part of the special tactics employed in carrying through a general strategic plan.

Even then, the objects of direct action should be strictly limited. A revolution that wrecked industries and institutions vital to all the people would necessarily lose in popularity. It is quite different when only the belongings of the common enemy of the people are concerned.

In spite of this general attitude of German revolutionary leaders, cases of sabotage have been reported. Never, however, have these acts been committed on orders or even with previous knowledge or silent approval of the Opposition chiefs. Overzealous individuals inside Germany, in a display of courage rather than wisdom, have been the instigators.

For obvious reasons, I cannot indicate cases where I have accurate knowledge that sabotage has been perpetrated, but I know that the secret police suspected it in other cases than the blowing up of the gunpowder factories of Rheinsfelden, mentioned in an earlier chapter. When accidents occurred over a period of weeks in the building of the Berlin subway, special squads of the Gestapo were sent out to track down the *saboteurs*. Railroad disasters in North and West Germany, explosions on board German ships—some in the vicinity of American shores—have been the cause of long investigations. Underproduction of coal in the Ruhr mines has been portrayed

as a result of concerted sabotage. Also inside the administration, cases are known in which the disappearance of files, obviously contradictory orders, and other difficulties in the orderly conduct of affairs, have been blamed on sabotage.

Nevertheless, in the hundreds of verdicts pronounced by German courts against "traitors," the accusation of sabotage has scarcely been mentioned. There has been much publicity for trials of spies—usually characterized as being in the service of foreign powers—and for "conspiracy." The propaganda system of Germany on this point is very subtle. Where Russia excuses her purges largely by accusing the victims of sabotage, Germany evades, if possible, even the mention of it. The German public must not be aware that anything like sabotage exists. The public might begin admiring the courage of *saboteurs*, while the accusation of espionage in the service of a foreign power is designed to unify Germany internally.

CHAPTER X

SUBTERRANEAN, unlawful propaganda by radio broadcast is a story in itself. The first bootleg station directed against the Nazis was that of Dr. Strasser's Black Front, directed by the engineer Formis, from a small isolated hotel, the Zahori, near Prague.

Formis had been one of the greatest pioneers in the field of short waves, and was one of the best operators at the German Muhlacker station, near Stuttgart. After his escape from Germany in the winter of 1934, he at once joined Strasser and offered his services.

Alone he constructed the little station, and considering the primitive material at his command, it was a marvel of technical accomplishment. Also, it was he who discovered the ideal place for such work at the Zahori.

Short waves, as is well known, have special characteristics. The broadcast waves follow two different paths, one by the ground, the other through the air. The aerial short waves ascend and return to the earth after having traveled a certain distance during which they are not audible. The ground waves generally are audible only in a radius of

about thirty miles from the emission point. Between this point and the point where the aerial waves return to the ground, is a dead zone.

As Formis was certain that immediately after the first broadcast, the German secret police would try to locate the station, he had chosen this narrow isolated valley, because he felt certain that the ground waves could not be heard immediately beyond the valley by anyone.

For nearly a year, Formis broadcast a daily service that was very efficient. It was a sacrifice for a man like himself, who always had led a comfortable life. No one aided him in the manipulation of his apparatus. He lived in this solitary small hotel alone, except for the owner, the owner's wife and daughter and a manservant. Except on Sundays, the place seldom had any customers.

For the sake of safety, he visited Prague rarely—only when he had to buy new phonograph records, or get recordings of Dr. Strasser's speeches and other propaganda material for distribution. Most of the time he wrote his own bulletins, taken from the newspapers he received and the letters that Dr. Strasser's bureau sent to him infrequently, in order to avoid drawing attention to his hide-away.

However, it was partly his own fault and partly that of Dr. Herbert Adam, alias Mahr, mentioned in the preceding chapter, that he fell victim to the Gestapo. Dr. Adam was

usually Dr. Strasser's messenger to Formis when the latter was at Prague. He did not know exactly where the broadcasting station was situated, but in the office he had vaguely heard the word Zahori. Nevertheless he would not have been able to locate it exactly, because in Czecho-Slovakia many places have similar names. Therefore, his information was of little value to the Berlin secret police, who tried to find a village of that name, ignorant of the fact that it was the name of a hotel.

Pressed by Dr. Diehls of the Gestapo to give more precise details, Adam tried at first to get them from Formis, but did not succeed. Then Formis made his great mistake. During his visits to Prague, he always stopped at the same hotel, the Blauer Stern. This he should not have done. Mahr-Adam probably mentioned this fact to his Berlin chiefs.

When Formis some time later came to Prague, a group of gay and apparently inoffensive young people were sitting at a table near by—two young men and a very pretty girl. She began flirting with Formis, the hermit.

Things happened in the way the German secret police had planned. Soon the four were sitting at the same table. Soon Formis was drinking. Not a word about politics. On the contrary, the young men pretended to dislike political conversation and Formis, after a few dances with the young woman, invited his new friends to come and

see him at the Zahori. He was glad to escape for a while from the solitude of his radio apparatus.

It is not known precisely what happened at the Zahori. The visitors arrived by car, bearing a Kiel number. The four dined together and drank many bottles of wine. After dinner, Formis went into his room with the young woman, and when the waiter entered the dining room a few minutes later, the two young men had disappeared. Then five shots were heard. The owner and the servant at first were too frightened to go upstairs. When they finally made up their minds they found Formis dead, struck by several bullets. Other blood spots than his own were visible. A revolver was in his hand, proving that he too had fired and that at least one of the visitors, who evidently escaped by the window, had been wounded. The hotel keeper telephoned the nearest police post, but the line did not function. When the alarm was finally given at the frontiers, the criminals had escaped. The next morning, at one of the frontier points on the top of the Grosser Schneeberg, the tracks of the car were discovered. The three had gone to Germany.

Here I would like to show the marvelous manner in which our information service then functioned. Within less than two days, we learned that a young woman named Karlbach had been brought to the hospital of Koenigstein

in Saxony, that she had been wounded by a bullet, that she was accompanied by two men, and that one appeared also to be wounded. Later reports in the press that one of the two had been killed and thrown by the other in the Elbe were false.

Although the number of the car was known, although the young woman's name had been given out, and her sojourn at the Koenigstein's hospital discovered, Germany never acted on the extradition demand of the Czecho-Slovak government.

But Dr. Otto Strasser had to appear in the Czecho-Slovak court, his association with Formis in illegal broadcasting having been clearly established. Furthermore, unpleasant declarations concerning him had been made by Adam-Mahr when the latter was tried for his Gestapo activities. Dr. Strasser was condemned to six months' imprisonment. However, he never served it, as he was suddenly taken ill and operated upon for appendicitis. In the meantime, he was pardoned by President Benes.

The Black Front did not cease its short-waves propaganda. Two secret posts—more powerful—were established in South America, first in Chile, then in the Argentine. Their messages were clearly audible in Germany during certain hours of the night. These two stations were discontinued through lack of funds.

I also had my experience with secret radio. The details concerning the broadcasting station of our movement, known as *Die Deutsche Freiheitswelle* (the German Liberty Wave) cannot be entirely divulged because of danger to several persons involved. I can, therefore, relate the story only as recorded by the Prague police on a day in May, 1937.

It was near the end of 1936 when I decided that our movement should have its own broadcasting station. The equipment was bought in the United States and entered Germany at Hamburg, piece by piece, as parts of an electrical medical apparatus. A station was soon broadcasting every night at nine-thirty, announcing: "This is the German Liberty Wave speaking from station V.S.B.D.—the Social Populist Movement of Germany. We are broadcasting from the heart of the capital."

Then followed a complete service of daily news and political information, also recordings of gay music and, what was most important, answers to many letters from outlaws, which naturally infuriated the German secret police. For example, the speaker would say: "Answer to the letter from our Düsseldorf comrade 2233: You have sent us a report on a meeting that took place on such and such a date, in such and such a room, in such and such hotel at Düsseldorf between the industrialist so and so, and General so and so. Many thanks. It is very useful." Or: "An-

swer to the letter from Koenigsberg comrade 215. You have told us of the troop movements that took place on such and such a date, at such and such an hour in the direction of Tilsit. Many thanks. But don't worry, they won't dare to march."

It did not take long before I learned through a certain channel that the German Minister at Prague, Herr Eisenlohr, had called on the Czecho-Slovak Foreign Office, complaining that the order and security of Germany were menaced by a broadcasting station sponsored by a group, the center of which was known to be at Prague. Herr Eisenlohr had even produced, I was told, stenographic reports of some of our broadcasts. When questioned by my informant as to what I thought about it I replied that it was quite possible that such a station existed, but that I was not responsible for what our outlaws were doing inside Germany.

In Prague, the newspapers and public were not yet aware of the existence of our station, and I shall always remember the faces of friends belonging to other Opposition groups whom I had invited to my house one evening, when about nine-thirty I turned on the radio and a clear and a very Prussian voice said: "Here is the German Liberty Wave speaking, etc."

Some time later, the following incident occurred and put an end to our first broadcasting station. I must be ex-

cused for the somewhat dramatic manner in which I tell the story.

One evening, about eleven o'clock, a workman on the Czecho-Slovak railways was on his way home from work. While crossing an unfrequented road he nearly fell, his foot having caught a long copper wire stretched from one side to the other. He looked more closely and noticed that the copper wire led to a big Buick, parked without lights at the side of the road and around which three shadows were moving. As he approached, the three shadows entered the car, and soon after small lights appeared in the interior that were not from matches, cigarettes or flashlights. He took down the number of the car and reported the incident to the local police.

The next day, when I returned home after a few errands in town, about one o'clock, my wife greeted me with a terrified face: "Two plain-clothes men have been here," she said, "and arrested Oscar [my son]. I don't know what it means, but it looks serious." She had hardly ceased speaking when the bell rang, and again two plain-clothes men of the Czecho-Slovak police appeared. I asked them what they wanted. "We have come to search your apartment, then to arrest you and bring you to the police headquarters with all the documents you possess."

"What is it all about?" I replied.

One of the detectives, after some hesitation said: "Well,

a radio short-wave station has been found in your son's car. That is quite serious!"

I asked and was refused permission to telephone some of my Czecho-Slovak friends.

At the Prefecture my wife and I were both held in an isolated room for about twelve hours, without being allowed to talk, until one of the "higher-ups" of the political police called for us.

For the reasons already mentioned, I must limit my narration to questions and answers between my son and the police, and those between myself and the police.

My son said: "We had learned that outlaws of my father's movement were having trouble with a radio station inside Germany. Something was broken and they were unable to repair it. That's why they asked us to come during the evening to the frontier, to take over the apparatus, examine it and to bring it back to them when repaired. You must have seen that the set is not complete."

Indeed, the set found in my son's car had no microphone, nor the complete set of tubes.

"Therefore, you pretend that you have not used the post in Czecho-Slovak territory?" he was asked.

"Certainly not. How could I use a set that is out of order?"

"What are the names of the outlaws who turned the post over to you?"

"Otto, Paul, Ernst."

"What are their family names?"

"I don't know."

"Where do they live?"

"In Germany."

"Where?"

"I don't know."

"How did you hear from them?"

"By letter."

"Sent from where?"

"I don't remember."

And this for hours! They did not get one more word either from my son or from the two friends who were with him in the car, and who also had been arrested. As it was no crime to possess a broadcasting station—but only to make use of it—and as this could not be proved, it appeared that not much could be done about it.

About one o'clock at night, it was my turn to face the commissioner.

"What do you know of the radio set found with your son?" he asked.

"Nothing at all," I replied.

"But you know that such a radio station exists?"

"Of course, I have often heard it and enjoyed it tremendously."

"And do you write the text for the broadcast?"

"Not that I remember."

A paper was then placed on the table.

"How does it happen then that this has been found in your apartment? It is a speech that we know was broadcast over your station."

I was not embarrassed for a second. I laughed: "This?" I said. "That's easy to explain. The speech interested me, and I had it taken down in shorthand and transcribed, because I liked it a lot."

Again there was nothing to find fault with.

While the interrogation went on, one of the doors opened and I saw a multitude of well-known faces in the next room. Nearly all of my friends had been arrested and their apartments had been searched, but the missing parts of the set had not been found. It was about four in the morning when we were all released, and no consequent action was taken against us. But there was one unfortunate result. The station, which had been smuggled in with difficulty, was confiscated. Five weeks later we had another one.

What is characteristic of the effect produced by secret broadcasts on the German public, is that it is not necessary that many people should listen to it every day for real results to be obtained.

It is the fact that *something is happening* which gives it first-class revolutionary value. The written word remains the written word, but that some people should dare raise their voices, speak openly, that they would doubtless ex-

pose their lives and are ready to do *visible* acts—that is what excites the masses.

Also it gives rise to amusing comments such as these: “Have you heard that mysterious broadcast that comes every night?” Herr Schmidt, a good Berlin bourgeois, would ask, for example, his friend Herr Schultz, when meeting him in the street.

“Eh, eh, no. But what does it say?”

Schmidt, with a twinkle of the eye: “Lies, of course. They pretend we lack raw material.”

The other: “Oh ja, ja,” and he looks a bit too much surprised. “They seem to be better informed than the others. My brother-in-law, who is engineer in a factory, has never mentioned the lack of raw material, and he *would have* if it were exact, because you know as well as I do that it is not in the least forbidden to speak of such things!” Another twinkle of the eye.

Schmidt bursts out laughing. “And these people of the secret station repeat and repeat that we are not allowed to say what we think. Isn’t it funny?”

Schultz, suddenly, seems a bit serious. “What liars they are! Haven’t we just told each other the truth and all that we think? What’s the wave length of that station? I must listen to it some evening. I too want to have a good laugh once in a while!”

And the two take leave, hands in the air, like two good National Socialists, shouting “Heil Hitler.”

CHAPTER XI

IN PREVIOUS chapters discussing the organization of the German Opposition inside and outside of Germany, I have made only slight mention of international politics. Yet it was the pressure of international politics that proved the most formidable foe of the Opposition—more formidable even than the forces of the Gestapo.

The turning point in this development was the historic occasion when a member of the British intelligence service, Colonel Christie, in the winter of 1935, introduced Konrad Henlein to the Royal Society for Foreign Politics, at the famous Chatham House in London. It was then that in certain powerful British groups the policy of "appeasement" took form. As it was applied in the foreign policy of Great Britain, it carried as a corollary a campaign against the German Opposition, particularly the Opposition at work outside Germany. The campaign was waged through pressure on the governments of the states bordering on Germany, where most of the refugees lived.

The German Opposition and particularly the Opposition among German *émigrés* was never really popular with

responsible statesmen of the nations confronting the Third Reich. I do not mean to say that refugees were not received with the greatest hospitality. From a humanitarian viewpoint our refugees have never had complaints to make.

But where political co-operation was concerned it was an entirely different matter. Certain newspapers, magazines and reviews sympathized with refugee politicians and writers, giving them a forum from which to express their thoughts. Also the Marxist parties of various nations deeply sympathized with the cause of the German proletariat. And all those statesmen living up to the humanistic tradition of Western civilization could not do otherwise than disapprove the Nazi ideology. But for the real problem of the revolution against Hitlerism I have found little understanding. Years passed before a few European statesmen recognized that it was quite impossible to gauge the Nazi party by the same standards generally used in judging adversary political parties.

From the beginning, and until this hour, the general belief abroad has been that it is possible to "eliminate the venom." The mistake made by routine politicians in Germany before 1933, has been repeated in much greater measure in the domain of foreign policy. It was and still is believed that peace can be bought. But peace can be bought only if one gives all that he possesses. The story

of the brigand in the forest repeats itself. He wants all that you have in your pocket.

Revolution in Germany, for many people, meant only Bolshevik revolution. Not understanding that Bolshevism is a danger only in countries where the traditional governmental system does not function, these people preferred Hitler—the Savior from Bolshevism—to socialists and liberals of all colors who, in their opinion, personified the Communist danger. They ignored the fact that if anyone saved Germany from Bolshevism, it was a small band of resolute men who, in the beginning of 1919, destroyed the Spartacus menace. They did not know that from the start of Hitlerism, its most resolute adversaries were to be found in circles of the middle class and in the progressive youth who condemned Communism equally with Nazism.

European statesmen believed, therefore, in a policy that would buy peace and prevent a revolution in Germany, thus saving them from two enemies at the same time—a Hitlerian war and the Bolsheviks.

Another factor strongly influenced them. German Opposition among the refugees presented well-known faces—leaders of former parties with whom they previously had to deal. Among these parties were many trustworthy and responsible men, with unquestionable good will, but also it was well known that among these *émigrés* there was scarcely one real statesman. Undoubtedly, many were

above the average, but none had the brilliant qualities necessary for real leadership.

About the time Herr Henlein was introduced at Chatham House, it was whispered through unofficial Berlin channels that Germany was ready to quiet down. Once the question of Austria, of the Czecho-Slovak Germans, as well as the problem of Danzig and other small German disputes, were satisfactorily settled; once the colonial question was no longer a reason for war; and once military independence in general was re-established, Hitler would become a good little boy who would content himself with perhaps a minor war for prestige and for economic reasons, waged in the direction of Russia. When it was learned that Hitler was an avowed friend of the capitalist system, especially after the obliteration of socialists inside the Nazi party by the purge of June 30, 1934, it was said: "All's well. There will be no German revolution, there will be no war. Everything, after all, will turn out all right."

The Ethiopian war and Germany's aid to Italy was somewhat disconcerting, but deep down, after the manner of Coué, the good old phrase of traditional diplomacy cropped up again and again: "Negotiate, always negotiate. Negotiation never has done anyone harm."

Europe did not realize that the man on the other side of the table negotiated only to gain time for further prep-

arations. The same Hitlerian tactics that caused the final defeat of republican Germany at the beginning of 1933 were being used to prepare the defeat of Munich.

This blindness was made still worse by the attitude of Henlein during the meeting at Chatham House when he declared that his party, the Sudeten party, had nothing to do with German Nazism, that he only wanted a solution of the German minority questions inside the Czechoslovak Republic, that he never had any idea of re-attachment to Germany, and that he acted in complete independence from Berlin. It was one of the big chiefs of the intelligence service who had introduced him and, therefore, he spoke the pure and simple truth.

It was the main idea of many foreign statesmen that Hitler, in the field of foreign politics, did not demand anything different from what every republican German government had wanted from 1919 until 1933—a correction of the “injustices” committed at Versailles. In fact, all of his claims had already been made by the German peace delegation at Versailles. We had asked for the right of Germany and Austria to unite. We had protested against the demilitarization of the Rhineland for an unlimited time. We had denounced the loss of Memel, Danzig, and the Corridor. We had asked for equal treatment of German minorities abroad. We had protested against the thesis of Germany’s war guilt. We had raised our voices against the

enforced unilateral limitation of the German army and its armaments, and also against the excessive size and the disastrous form of reparation payments. We had requested that Germany get her share in the colonial domain.

And during the following fourteen years, which in Adolf Hitler's terminology were years of shame, no German government had ever stepped away from these claims. Quite the opposite. Gustav Stresemann's policy succeeded in having the Rhineland liberated before the time indicated by the Versailles *Diktat*, and had prepared the final liquidation of all reparation payments.

On all these points, Adolf Hitler's requests were thoroughly prepared by the policy of his predecessors, and republican German propaganda in these respects had efficiently evoked sympathy abroad for Germany's claims, so far as a visible discrepancy existed between Wilson's fourteen points and the instrument of "peace" elaborated at Versailles.

As to demands for the further territorial expansion of Germany, and open hints in the direction of world domination as clearly contained in *Mein Kampf*, foreign leaders regarded them as mere demagogic and oratoric fireworks of no practical value. Nazism's racial theory was considered an appropriate means of propaganda, and nobody believed that anything like the anti-Jewish pogroms of November 10, 1938, would ever occur.

Furthermore, Hitler's denunciation of the Communist danger was very pleasing indeed to influential circles in foreign countries. These people did not realize that the Nazi program in itself, with its denunciation of the "serfdom of rents," with its clear-cut attacks against individual benefits, its self-sufficiency program, and its but slightly hidden hostility to private property, contained more elements for the destruction of the present system of world economics than even the Communist Manifesto of Karl Marx.

Finally widespread and increasing hostility was evidenced against the steadily growing preponderance of French influence on the continent. Re-establishment of the famous "balance of power" seemed to many a desirable goal. The German Opposition against Hitler, known abroad generally under the names of the old parties, was not credited with enough energy to accomplish anything in this direction; it could neither carry through that famous "crusade" against the Communist bugaboo, nor counterbalance French diplomacy and obtain a revision of the Versailles *Diktat* sufficient to guarantee an enduring period of calm and peace in Europe. In this the assumed interests of large foreign groups corresponded largely with the terminology employed by Adolf Hitler in his campaign. At least this opinion prevailed in England.

This state of things had no immediate disastrous effects

on the German Opposition so long as the pro-Hitler groups in Great Britain were counterbalanced by the presence of Anthony Eden in the British cabinet. We were not helped and not opposed, but were just tolerated.

But once the "barter deal" with Germany got under way—by this I mean the illusion that peace could be bought with slices of territory—in all preliminary talks the Nazi emissaries reiterated one statement concerning us. "Before we can go into details you must prevent attacks against Germany in your press. You must curb the leaders of German Opposition now living as refugees in your country."

This campaign got under way in 1936 and reached its zenith in the summer of 1938, shortly before the Runciman mission arrived at Prague. The German Opposition and Czecho-Slovakia were sold down the river at the same moment. The additional blunder of the democracies—the snubbing of Russia—is now in painful process of readjustment.

While it was not always easy to curb local organs of public opinion, it was not difficult to take a swing at us. Most of us were men without a country—without national rights—and it was a comparatively easy task to make us understand that we had to back down. Many did. They considered that a policy not only against Nazism but also against the rest of the world was suicide.

Nobody tried to kill us! Everything was carried on in the old-fashioned fine-feathered manner of Pall Mall and Whitehall. We were not to be eliminated. We were only not to succeed.

The tragedy of the foreign drive against the German Opposition lies in the fact that it came just at the moment when we had finally achieved a united front and were in full operation, with success in sight. From all quarters inside Germany were heard words of acclaim for the "German Front against Hitlerism," coupled with the jubilant cry, "It will soon be over." But it was no longer only Herr Himmler's Gestapo that we had to fight against. From then on we were forced to fight a world.

In the spring of 1937, just as the foreign drive was becoming embarrassing, an unfortunate incident dealt our movement a serious blow. This was the case of Helmuth Hirsch, a young Jew, more or less connected with the Black Front, who had entered Germany secretly, and had been arrested and accused of being in possession of explosives and preparing an attempt on the life of Hitler, for which he was condemned to death.

This unfortunate case gave rise to formidable attacks against Dr. Strasser, especially from Communists, who accused him of having, either intentionally or by carelessness, delivered the poor youth to the German secret police.

The German Front asked me to publish a declaration

of sympathy in favor of Dr. Strasser, which, of course, I could not do without studying the Hirsch case more closely. A little later our movement did make a declaration refuting the accusations against Dr. Strasser. To explain properly all this intermezzo, I must enter into further detail.

Helmuth Hirsch was born in the United States, of German Jews who later returned to Germany. He was, therefore, a *heimatlos*, or a man without a country. He had studied in German universities, joined in Germany the Movement of the League of Youth, and one day arrived at Prague for the purpose of joining the Black Front, with the help of a letter of introduction given him by a chief of the League.

Dr. Strasser saw him only once or twice, but he continued calling on Mr. Grunov, Strasser's secretary. One day he proposed to the Black Front that he take back with him to Germany certain illegal pamphlets, but the Black Front bureau refused. They knew that Helmuth Hirsch traveled with a safe-conduct that required a visa from the German Consulate General at Prague. Being a Jew and *heimatlos* he would undoubtedly be under surveillance during the journey. This would have endangered his mission, should one be intrusted to him.

Hirsch returned from Germany and tried again to get in contact with the Black Front group. There he met one of

those suspect individuals who had succeeded in getting the confidence of Dr. Strasser because of Nazi affiliations. He was an engineer called Moeschk. This man, an ex-leader of the S.A. at Hamburg, had come to Prague from Austria, where he pretended he had lived as a refugee after serious difficulties inside the Nazi party consequent to the blood purge of 1934.

What Dr. Strasser did not know then, nor anyone else of the Black Front, is the fact that Moeschk, during the whole time, maintained intimate relations with the heads of the Nazi party, relations facilitated by a young woman from Cottbus, acting as intermediary, whom Moeschk said was his fiancée.

Helmuth Hirsch and Moeschk met regularly in cafés at Prague. What their conversations were about nobody knows, but what is certain is that one day in the autumn of 1936 Moeschk disappeared. We learned later that he had crossed the frontier not far from Zittau, that he had been arrested, and that a few hours later he had been seen in peaceful company with a commissioner of the secret police.

Not long after, young Hirsch called on Grunov in the Black Front bureau and again offered his services for a trip to Germany. Still Grunov refused to intrust him with papers. Hirsch asked permission to use the place for a change of costume before departing. He explained that

his parents did not know the real object of his voyage, and as he intended telling them that he was going to do winter sports in the mountains, he wished to leave wearing his ski costume.

Grunov granted the permission and Hirsch stayed half an hour in the offices of the Black Front. Later, after his arrest, it was said that he was seen entering the Black Front office with one suitcase, and that he had left it with two. The German police report said that he had been arrested at the station of a town in South Germany in possession of two valises containing explosives. However, the customs officials at the Czecho-Slovak frontier station subsequently declared that Hirsch had no baggage at all when he departed from Czecho-Slovakia.

The police report, as published by the German official agency, said that Hirsch, on his arrival at the station, had been arrested together with another person. But at his trial at Berlin, where he was condemned to death, no one mentioned a second culprit. For many people who were particularly interested in the affair, no doubt existed that the second person arrested in Germany was Moeschk, and that the whole affair was purely and simply a well-carried out plant arranged by the police.

This case had international repercussions, especially after the Consulate of the United States at Berlin had vainly intervened in favor of Hirsch, because he was born

in America. The German government refused to take notice.

A farewell letter from Hirsch to his sister, written in touching terms, accused "those who had taken advantage of the confidence of an inexperienced young man." It has often been said that "those" meant Strasser and Grunov. In my opinion, it meant Moeschk. In any case, no proof existed that either Grunov or Strasser had taken advantage of Hirsch—and I shall not change my opinion until I see evidence to the contrary.

The German Front worried greatly over the Hirsch affair. In addition to this, a false interpretation had been given to an interview, in the winter of 1936-37, between Otto Strasser and Otto von Habsburg at Steenockerzeel. The Czecho-Slovak press had been informed of this meeting through an indiscretion and went so far as to pretend that Strasser aspired to become Chancellor of a future Habsburg Empire. This gave rise to reiterated attacks against the entire German Front which was accused of being an instrument in the policy of Austrian restoration. As far as I was concerned, a Catholic politician, living at Vienna, had once proposed an introduction for me with Monarchist circles in Austria and also an interview with Archduke Otto either in Paris or at Steenockerzeel. I had refused, indicating that for the moment I saw no use in such a meeting, but that perhaps in the future,

should the situation develop favorably inside Germany, a better opportunity might present itself.

The pressure of foreign politics now forced us completely on the defensive. I shall never forget a conversation in May, 1937, with one of the higher-ups at the Czecho-Slovak War Ministry. He was a remarkable scholar, a brilliant officer, and one of those fine Europeans who grew up in the entourage of Masaryk and Benes. He had belonged to the group of Czecho-Slovak conspirators during the war, had served with the Czecho-Slovak legion on the French front, and had shown an extraordinary sympathy—even if a platonic one—for the affairs of the German Opposition. This was soon after the unfortunate incident of our secret radio station.

We were sitting in his small garden in the outskirts of Prague, a place where I often visited him—each time with a queer feeling in my heart at the sight of him, for I understood his fondness for this little corner of land where he cultivated a few strawberries and roses. On this day, contrary to his usual mood, he remained quite taciturn.

“What are all these stories about you?” he asked, referring evidently to the radio station. “Soon you’ll be seriously attacked, as well as others who can’t keep their mouths shut. Do you think we want a war, because of your political maneuvers?”

"War is just the thing we wish to prevent," I replied. "It is you who are driving toward war at full speed."

"What do you mean?"

"That you will never satisfy Nazism. The more you give them, the more they will demand, and they will attack you and others when they are ready—and you can do nothing!"

"That's why we must find conciliatory ground. We must negotiate with them."

I raised my hand. "Don't tell me stories," I said. "You are already in full negotiation. I know all the details—you will be double-crossed."

He looked at me pensively. "It won't be easy," he said. "France is our ally, England will be faithful to France, and there is Russia and the Little Entente."

"But nobody will come to your help at the decisive moment," I interrupted.

This made him almost furious. "France will never abandon us, and England must join with her—also Russia."

"You are mistaken," I insisted. "You are aware of the notes exchanged between the governments and you know of the diplomatic conversations that have taken place, but you are mistaken as regards the public opinion in these countries. The 1918 victory gave them a feeling of complete security. They all believed that peace would endure for centuries. They all believed that what they had gained

would be theirs forever. They fell into the lethargy of the little owner of real estate, and they do not wish to be disturbed. You know, Colonel," I continued, "responsibility is a word that excuses everything, and nothing. It is not sufficient to say that one *is* responsible for the life of a few million men. What is much more important is to *take* responsibility with the eye turned to the future."

He did not speak for a moment and then returned to where the conversation began. "In any case," he said, "we won't let the German Opposition annoy us. You will be well advised to conform yourself to that point of view."

I understood too well, and when, a few weeks later in the summer of 1937, a Czecho-Slovak newspaper made me an offer to go to America to write a series of articles on the democracy of the United States, I accepted, thinking that a few months of absence would be good both for myself and the movement. I did not think then that the situation would drag on so long. In spite of my pessimism in the talk with the Czecho-Slovak army officer, I hoped that the disappointment of those who defended the theory that the venom could be eliminated would awaken them to its absurdity. I foresaw the Munich crisis, but at an earlier date, and without, of course, considering where the scene would be laid.

At that time, Mr. Eden was still the British Foreign Minister, and I believed in the possibility of another end-

ing. I *knew* from information of the highest reliability—from the best source that can be found in Berlin—that should the western powers take a firm and resolute attitude, Germany would not wage war. At that time the construction of the Limes—the German name for the western fortifications generally known as the Seigfried line—had just been started (it is still hardly finished). The air force had only a few planes of the new models, and there was an insufficient supply of artillery of the latest types. Though the French and English were poorly equipped for offensive action, especially in the use of motorized shock units, they were still strong enough to resist longer than Germany was able to attack. This at least was the view expressed to me by one of our people—he is still a high official in close and daily touch with Germany's military problems—who visited me in Czecho-Slovakia in the spring and early summer of 1937. Reports from leading members of the armaments industries were to the same effect. Other groups inside the German Front had received similar information. All these reports indicated clearly that the General Staff had advised Hitler that Germany was by no means ready for war. I knew furthermore that at the first important defeat of German foreign policy, a defeat clearly visible *inside the country*, the Nazi régime would suffer such a shock that it would survive with difficulty. That was thoroughly established by dozens

of reports received throughout the underground movement.

But Mr. Eden had to go. Under the direction of Neville Chamberlain no energetic attitude was adopted toward Germany. On the contrary, a policy of negotiation was followed and intensified. Everywhere Gestapo spies and the agents of foreign powers worked to prevent a real union of the German Opposition. In the Social Democratic party, internal squabbles became more and more acute, and soon resulted in the withdrawal of the *Neu Beginnen* group and in the formation of several other organizations. The situation approached a first climax in the fall of 1937, when certain publications of the Opposition that had been issued in Prague were banned. It was necessary to transfer from Prague to Paris the *Deutsche Volkszeitung*, the organ of the Communist party, as well as the *Neuer Vorwaerts*, the organ of the Social Democratic party; and Dr. Strasser's weekly, *Die Deutsche Revolution*, had to be discontinued. We too were forced to suspend publication of a series of pamphlets, already under way at Prague. We were not formally forbidden to carry on, but were informed that we might run into difficulties.

The German Front against Hitlerism was seriously injured by intrigues of Jaeger and Grunov. The former had separated from me and taken with him several refugees, but not one comrade from inside Germany. Grunov sepa-

rated from Strasser, and the pair began a campaign of calumny against their old chiefs. Both are now completely isolated, and no longer play any role in the Opposition movement.

The Czecho-Slovak crisis of last September found the German Opposition, so far as the co-operation of groups was concerned, in complete disorganization. The Popular Front in Paris had also been broken up. The dissolution had been prepared at a meeting where Heinrich Mann, brother of Thomas Mann, asked the Communists: "What is the attitude of the Communist party *vis-à-vis* democracy?" One of the Communist chiefs gave an evasive answer. Upon that, Herr Mann asked in whose name previous declarations in favor of democracy had been enunciated. The reply was that these statements were only personal opinions of the different Communists who had pronounced them. A Catholic politician, who was present, inquired about the attitude of the Communist party toward the Catholic Church. The answers were the same.

It was during the time of the Czecho-Slovak crisis that our movement suffered the most since its foundation. Friedjof Arzt died tragically. When his work at Prague became too difficult, he departed from Czecho-Slovakia with his wife and three-year-old baby, and went to Paris where friends of his student days at the Sorbonne had ob-

tained his "permission to sojourn." As it was necessary to maintain the courier service between Czecho-Slovakia and France, and as traveling by railway through Austria had become impossible since the occupation, this service functioned mostly via the air line from Paris to Prague. Usually, the planes stopped a few minutes at Nuremberg in German territory, but for some time one plane daily halted only at Strasbourg. That is the one, of course, that we used. However, we always took the risk of a forced landing and the couriers were in perpetual danger.

In exceptional cases, Friedjof Arzt would himself serve as courier. He had obtained a passport under another name. On one of his trips he felt that he had been followed and spoke about it to his father who tried to dissuade him from taking that plane again. He would not hear of it. The next day the papers printed that the Prague-Strasbourg airplane had crashed in a fog on a mountain in the Black Forest, and that all passengers and pilot had been burned to death, except a Czecho-Slovak stewardess, who was in a serious condition in a German hospital. Czecho-Slovak authorities sent an official to question her on the causes of the disaster. The woman died before he reached the hospital.

Rumors circulated at Prague that this disaster was not an ordinary accident. It was learned that two others of the twelve persons aboard were traveling on secret political

missions, one a courier for the Spanish government, and the other a courier for another opposition group in Germany. Soon no doubt remained but that the plane had been brought down by bullets from a German machine gun.

Friedjof Arzt carried considerable life insurance. When his wife claimed the amount, the insurance company asked evidence of her husband's death. As the latter had traveled under a false name, she could furnish the proof only by identifying the dead body. This could be done with safety only on French territory. Mme. Arzt, daughter of a German colonel, asked the Nazi authorities to send her the body of her husband. The request was refused, but she was asked to go to Germany to make the verification.

Prior to her husband's escape from Dresden to Czechoslovakia in 1933, Mme. Arzt, as well as Friedjof, had known the hospitality of a Nazi prison. She refused to go to Germany, except under the protection of a safe-conduct and the guarantee that she would not be arrested. She did not get it. She was never able to identify her dead husband. She does not even know where he is buried.

The Czecho-Slovak crisis saw the collapse of the entire German Front against Hitler. The Social Populist Movement also completely disappeared as an organization, and I stood again with my original organization, the faithful German Vanguard of 1932.

But while the crisis brought the whole of the anti-Hitler movement to its lowest ebb, its immediate consequence was an enormous reinvigoration of the German Opposition. In the first place, the peace of Munich brought complete disillusionment to the foreign statesmen who had believed in the possibility of eliminating the venom. For the first time, from the lips of a foreign politician in a position of power, came the statement that the German people and Hitler's party are not the same thing. Mr. Chamberlain's statement, repeating the basic tenet of the German Opposition, gave new life to the movement. Within Germany, the consequences of the crisis were equally favorable. The war scare had a cooling effect on many heads in Germany, and made a multitude of new recruits for the Opposition.

Today, it is no exaggeration to say that inside Germany at least fifty per cent of the population is in complete discord with nearly everything that Hitler stands for. At least another twenty per cent is against the Hitler methods, without being completely opposed to certain results achieved by his policy. The remaining thirty per cent is Nazis, but even these do not form a complete unit. Among them are many who reproach Hitler for breaking his promises. One can characterize this portion of the National Socialist party as the real Bolshevist danger now in Germany. These are the National Bolshevists, who on the

surface wear the brown of the National Socialists, but underneath the red of Communism. For this, in the slang of the country, they are referred to as the "beefsteaks." These estimates are based on confidential surveys and reports of several groups of the underground movement. Wherever an overlapping in the different estimates was possible, they have been carefully studied and compared. The reports cover industrial as well as agricultural regions, big cities as well as small towns and hamlets, and farmer-worker groups as well as middle and upper-class circles. They result from consultation of outlaw district chiefs about their experiences and their estimates of the size of the Opposition in their districts. Depending on local conditions, deductions of from fifteen to thirty per cent have been made to take account of overlapping estimates and for other reasons.

While one may consider that the forces of the Opposition, exclusive of the Communists, number not more than ten thousand active combatants, one can also estimate that the underground propaganda has now affected more than half the population. Therefore, we can calculate that millions are ready to set forth in the streets, prepared to demonstrate when the moment arrives.

In a totalitarian state, whatever the feelings of the masses are, revolutions are not conducted as in the good old days. It is now impossible to lead millions of men

through the streets, wildly shouting, "Today we will have a revolution." When the German revolution comes, it will be from the top and not from the bottom. At the bottom, it is necessary to do the ground work and to create confidence for the leaders of tomorrow. This, at least, will be the case if the revolution comes before war.

Another element must be considered. The German army, although on many points in complete disagreement with the Hitler policy, has its own ideas concerning the possibilities of a revolution. It cannot be expected to lend aid to revolution. That would be in complete contradiction to the mentality of the German officer, who firmly believes that if the army revolts once, a dangerous precedent for the future will be created. Besides, the army, in the opinion of the General Staff, has always the duty to remain popular and not to take the initiative and political responsibility for the future of Germany, especially under present conditions, where the moral and economic forces of the country are now greatly jeopardized.

I quote a letter received some time ago, through one of our couriers, from one of the highest officers of the Reichswehr: "If revolts are fomented by internationalist forces, if local demonstrations occur because of food shortage, working conditions or any other factor of the kind, the army must use force. It will be a quite different matter if the movement becomes general, spreading over the entire

country, and if trustworthy men are ready and able to take responsibility. Then, the army will find itself in the necessity of re-establishing order, even under a new régime."

This was the third time since beginning my outlaw work against the Hitler system, that I heard this thesis in almost identical terms, and always from important army sources. It gave me much to think about, and I believe that it indicates very clearly the direction events will take if a revolution is to be the next major occurrence in German history.

This also indicates the direction that the alignment of German Opposition must take in order to succeed. I do not believe that the German General Staff is more pacifist and less nationalist than the General Staff of any other army. But I do believe that the German General Staff understands that Germany never will be able to win a war under present conditions, when she will face a coalition equaling and perhaps exceeding that lined against her in the World War. Without a shot having been fired, Germany today is in a condition similar to, if not worse than, that of 1917. The lack of food and raw material, so disastrous for Germany in the World War, is even more acute today. The occupation of Austria and Czechoslovakia, far from having eased this condition, has made the burden even heavier. In the agricultural field, Walter Darré's organization has not succeeded in increasing pro-

duction to any great extent. Despite feverish development of synthetic oil production, Germany still needs to import about five million tons of oil a year. Even in iron and steel Germany is short of ore, not to mention her insufficiency in the non-ferrous metals. In other fields the *Ersatz* economy has had but meager results.

This does not mean that if peace prevailed, Germany would necessarily have an economic collapse. But if war came, with its accompanying shortage of labor and its increase in raw material consumption, Germany could be victorious only if she won it in a hurry. Six months is the general estimate for a German victory—if victory should fall to her! The General Staff does not believe in the possibility of overrunning France and England, and is apprehensive that a long war could only mean defeat.

The German army suffered a humiliating defeat in 1918, under economic circumstances much more favorable than they are today. It has seen the morale of people go to pieces, even though liberty of thought was not muzzled and stifled as it is today, and when desire for liberty and independence was not so strong as it is now.

The German army also knows that the war potentialities of the powers forming the possible adversaries of Germany are much superior to those of the Reich and that this superiority increases as time goes on.

It knows finally that a new German defeat will not only

completely wreck the nation but that it will also destroy forever the glory and renown of her army. This sounds cruel, but it is neither mere opposition against Nazi ideology nor love of peace that induces the German General Staff to see things in this manner. It is merely that the cold calculators in the Bendlerstrasse realize perfectly the present inferiority of Germany, and know that, in spite of enormous armaments, in spite of an apparent tremendous force, Germany will fail. Therefore a return to the method of international negotiation is the better course to follow. They realize today that no one wants to suppress the German people and that no one can suppress them and therefore it is much wiser to re-establish Germany's position in the world by a policy of honest co-operation. I do not blame the General Staff for this attitude. On the contrary, I consider that they are acting as good Germans.

A decent national policy will be possible, however, only when the Hitler régime has been obliterated, and, far preferably, prior to another war.

Certain German politicians are ready to take responsibility for and defense of German interests not only before but after a revolution. But organization of a German revolution is possible only from the moment all concerned are ready to recognize the rights of the young political generation which has built up its position since Hitler threw out the old parties. Complete organization and co-

ordination of German Opposition can only be accomplished by putting aside all petty personal vanities and when everyone considers nothing but the task that lies ahead. Such union cannot be realized by extremists, either right or left. The direction must come from the middle of the road and it must be sound.

That is why it is so necessary to consider the feelings and opinions of those inside the country, who, though still faithful to old ideals, have lost confidence in many of their old chiefs. Their ideals too have gone through rapid development. All this must be taken into account if one wishes to keep abreast of the times.

Germany represents the demarcation line of Europe. It is the geographical center and it is the center between the dictatorial ideas of the East and the democratic ideas of the West. It is the center between western powers whose transatlantic possessions form a colonial fringe round Europe, with ramifications spreading to several continents, and the non-colonial fringe of the East.

Germany is the center between the unexploited but formidable riches of Russia and the cultural traditions of Western Europe. Throughout history, these zones of the old world have fought unceasingly. Unequal natural resources and man power have caused continued explosions of war.

It is curious that although European development has

been proceeding on this line for several hundreds of years, only during the eighteenth century was the idea of a European Federation first expressed with clarity. It is entirely probable that an economic Federation of continental states will one day be the solution to the dangers that beset that continent. At the Conference of Versailles, the German Peace Delegation had proposed it but it was not given the slightest consideration. Later, the great Latin dreamer and the most convincing political cellist of modern times, Aristide Briand, took up the idea. I have insisted upon it ever since Versailles, where I played a definite role in its presentation.

During all my years of exile, I have preached for and argued on the necessity for a European Federation. It now forms part of the program of all really progressive groups in the German Opposition. It is not surprising that this also applies to the center of Europe, placed between the eastern wealth and the western traditions.

In the long run the destruction of this center will bring good fortune to none. I do not refer to what Germany has done in the past toward the development of science, art, philosophy or in other achievement that has benefited the world. All that is now too imperiled by the present régime, which personifies the negation of all the cultural traditions so dear to countries in both hemispheres that have not yet suffered under Nazi dictatorship. I do not believe these

countries are willing to lose these things without fighting.

Also I believe that for the defense of these treasures, the German Opposition now faces an almost superhuman task. But it is ready and full of courage to carry out its destiny as the vanguard—the vanguard of a Europe united and at peace, the vanguard of western civilization throughout the world.

THE END

